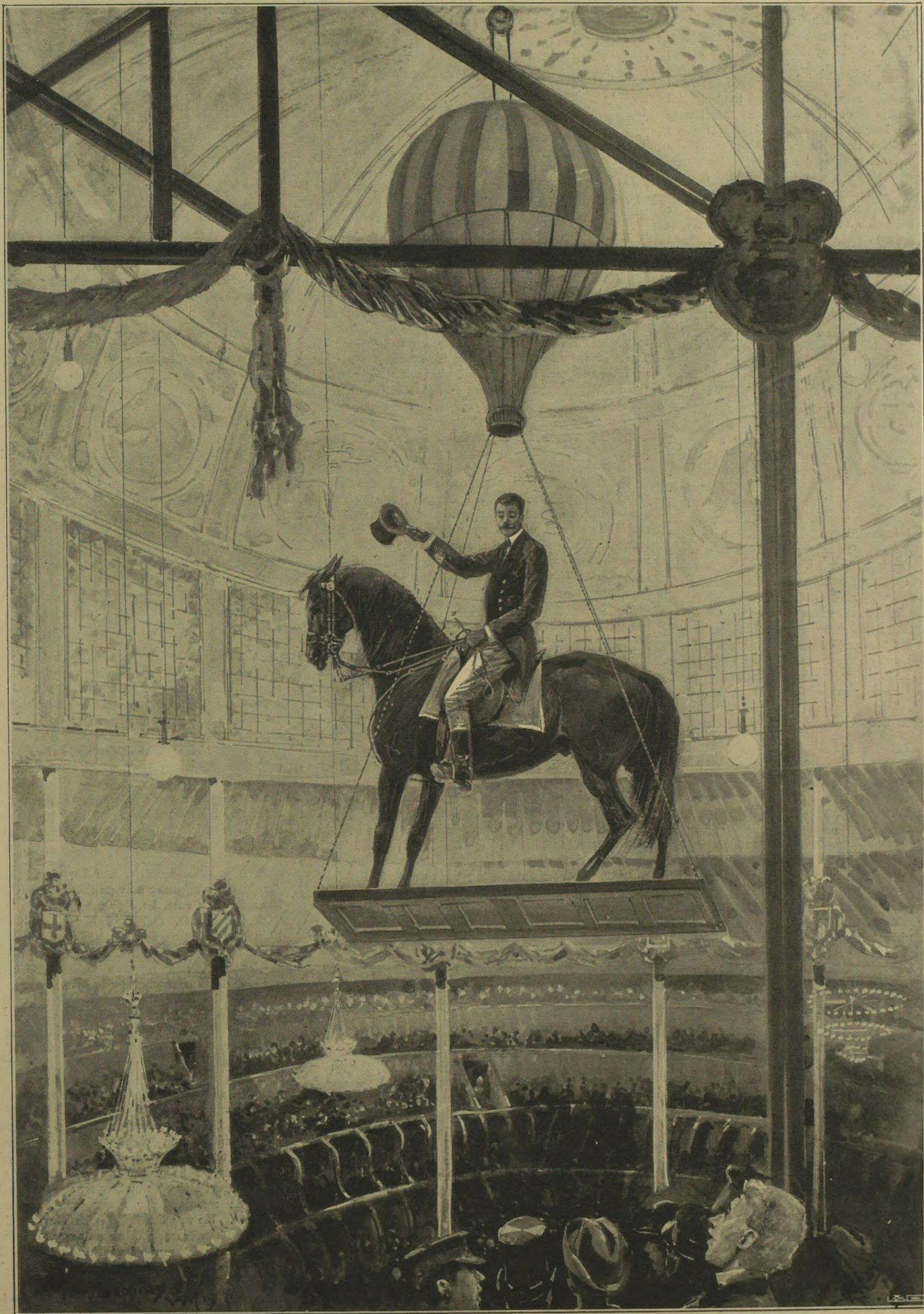


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 3075.—VOL. CXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1898.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



A REMARKABLE CIRCUS FEAT: CORRADINI'S RAPID DESCENT ON HORSEBACK.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. HOSANG.

The circus rider Corradini is here shown in the feat with which he has been startling Berlin, Paris, and Copenhagen. He and his horse take their place on a small swinging platform, and a slow ascent is made to the top of the building, followed by a quick drop to the floor. The rider has his horse so well in hand that in the rapid descent, in place of any shying, jumping, or restlessness, the animal preserves almost the rigid immobility of a bronze statue.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

London has received without a thrill the news that the Government intend to spend two millions and a half on public buildings. The æsthetic citizen shrugs his shoulders and says, "Who cares? They are sure to be ugly!" This pessimism is natural to a man whose eye is affronted two or three times a year by the Museum at South Kensington, or the old War Office in Pall Mall, or the dreary quarters of the Board of Trade. In front of the War Office is a statue of Sidney Herbert, reduced to a tint of more than African duskiness. The legend is that he was originally chiselled with head erect, and in a martial attitude, but that, as time went on, the squalid barrack behind him depressed him so much that his head drooped upon his hand. This explanation ought to be inserted in the London guide-books to prevent the intelligent foreigner from hastily assuming that the dejected air of Sidney Herbert is due to the condition of the British Army. Our public offices are consecrated to business, not to beauty, for it is the fixed idea of our ædiles that between the useful and the beautiful there is an impassable gulf. If Parliament Street were ennobled by palaces, how do you suppose the Government officials would perform their duties? They would be distracted from Blue-Books by dreams of architecture. You would find excited groups of them all day outside the Horse Guards disputing about Gothic art and the Renaissance. There is nothing the British taxpayer dislikes so much as the idea that Government clerks may be tempted to waste their time and his money. That is why they are carefully housed in buildings which make no appeal to the artistic sense.

Take the Board of Trade. There is a story that a simple-minded provincial, newly arrived in London, wandered from Charing Cross Station with his carpet-bag in search of a lodging. Passing Old Scotland Yard, which he took for a stable, he paused at the Board of Trade because its homely air appealed to him. It seemed a nice, respectable, dingy old lodging-house, rather ill-kept, and probably all the cheaper on that account. He went in, missing the porter, who happened to be out of the way, strolled upstairs thinking they would be none the worse for a broom, opened the door of a very small and very shabbily furnished room, where a determined-looking man in spectacles sat at a table and asked him what he wanted. The visitor sniffed, and said the air was not fresh: if the landlord's sitting-room was as small as that, what on earth were the bed-rooms like? Not that he was a very particular man; he wouldn't turn up his nose at a place because it was cheap; but when it was as cheap as dirt—Here he smiled and waited for this piece of humour to sink into the landlord's mind. The gentleman in spectacles, a distinguished man of letters, was almost paralysed for a moment. Then he gasped, "Do you really mean to tell me, Sir, that you don't know this is the Board of Trade?" The visitor backed out of the room with his carpet-bag, returned sorrowfully to the station, and took the first train home. "No good staying in London," he explained to his friends. "Trade there is so bad that the people who look after it live in hutches I wouldn't keep rabbits in!"

It is often said that Frenchmen lack humour and dread ridicule; but M. Francisque Sarcey has given an example of that humorous good sense which defies mockery. At Carnival time in Paris it is customary to exhibit on the boulevards grotesque effigies of well-known public men. A modest stranger called on M. Sarcey to tell him that his image was to figure in the procession. "Very good," said M. Sarcey. "What can I do for you?" "Well, if you would be so kind as to lend us some of your veritable garments, they would make the likeness all the stronger." "No doubt," responded the critic blandly. "In that cupboard you will find several hats." "Oh, the veritable hat will not do! You see your head—I mean the head of the effigy—is enormous." "Très bien. Take a coat then." Dressed in the veritable coat, the Sarcey dummy was an immense success. It seemed so strange to literary Paris, however, for a man to aid and abet the caricature of himself that M. Sarcey has volunteered an explanation, which is a delicious bit of humour. "Lamartine," he remarks, "would not have consented to lend his coat for such a purpose. He was a poet with a sensitive soul. So was Victor Hugo. But what would you? We cannot all be Lamartines and Hugos. Why should we poor journalists, who have no feelings to speak of, deny ourselves to the populace when we can contribute to their harmless amusement? Besides, they may not always think it worth their while to notice us. An agreeable trifle came to me the other day and asked my permission for the use of my name in a burlesque. I gave it cheerfully. 'This may be the last time,' said he. 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Well, you are going out of date, and next year you may not be worth a laugh!'"

There is not much here of that irritable *amour propre* which we are accustomed to associate with French sensibilities. Do we know any public man in this country who would lend his wardrobe to an impertinent mob for the decoration of his "guy" on the Fifth of November? Watch a politician who finds himself caricatured by Mr. E. T. Reed or Mr. F. C. Gould. He frowns heavily

at the picture; and when you congratulate him, he smiles a rather sickly smile, and fails altogether in the effort to appear indifferent to this kind of popularity. Imagine his response to a committee of citizens who begged his sanction for the reproduction life-size of his image as a walrus or a caterpillar in Mr. Reed's album; and the parade of it through the streets of his constituency in one of his veritable collars! You might point out to him that pantomime effigies have never damaged the reputations of really great men. Guy Fawkes himself, in spite of juvenile ridicule once a year, is by no means ridiculous, but remains one of the most impressive figures in the annals of crime. But your M.P. is never easy in his mind unless he figures in the vision of his constituents like a portrait in a town hall, with one hand in his waistcoat and the other commanding the elements.

From China is reported the outbreak of a social revolution. Some Chinese ladies have given a ball! As most Chinese women can scarcely hobble, much less dance, this means that the emancipation of their feet has begun. In Western countries women are demanding the emancipation of their heads, although to some observers these already enjoy considerable freedom. In China it is the woman's foot that suffers tyranny. It is compressed into shapeless ugliness from her infancy. Let her walk, run, dance, and who knows what a shake she may not give to Chinese institutions! The movement against foot-binding is said to be spreading fast. A society has been formed for the suppression of this custom; pamphlets are written by native and foreign reformers; and even a Viceroy, described as the only Chinese official who is not corrupt, has taken up the cause with zeal. Here's a situation for the Celestial Empire! Without, the "foreign devils" are demanding the cession of territory, the opening of ports, the control of railways; within, the Chinese women are threatening to profane their ancestors by skipping on liberated toes! The Chinese Government may take the loss of fertile provinces with philosophy; but what will they say to the "barn dance" at Canton? What will happen when Chinese musicians learn to perform an Eastern variation of the "Washington Post," and the daughters of the mandarins break into rhythmic gambols in the marketplace?

There are signs of a poor-spirited attempt to excite public animosity against the London crossing-sweeper. He is called rude and ineffectual. He importunes citizens, and abuses them when they refuse the coin he has not earned. He neglects his crossing in wet weather, and is most obtrusive when the roads are dry. All this is mere ill-nature. There are many crossings in London which in winter would be liquid mud for weeks together but for the industry of the knight of the besom. If we have the privilege of dwelling in one of the worst-kept cities in Europe, it is because the vestries are apparently above the humble duty of cleansing the streets. It is the private enterprise of the crossing-sweeper which cleaves a path through the slough, keeps it clean in spite of the traffic, and goes unrewarded by the majority of pedestrians. If an indignant word is sometimes wrung from the toiler, if his besom pursues the kindless wayfarer with a needless flourish, this is magnified into chronic outrage. He is a philosopher and a keen physiognomist, yet his ripe observation is of no value to a heedless world. Has he not told us in published reminiscences that a sweeper who reads elopement as plain as print in the features of an agitated maiden cannot call on her parents and warn them? No; he reads in a half-penny paper that his surmise has been justified, and he smiles cynically when her infuriated father strides over the crossing without remembering the sweeper! But how is it that Scotland Yard has never thought of utilising the opportunities of the besom?

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day the President of a French Court of Justice asked a barrister—I am using the English equivalent for the French *avocat*—why he so often took charge of apparently bad causes. "M. le Président," was the answer, "I have so often lost apparently good ones that I no longer know which to take." When Maître Leblois is admitted to plead once more, which will not be for the next six months, inasmuch as he has been suspended for that period by a decision of the Council of Discipline of the Order of Paris Barristers, he might tell the story in the guise of an exordium; for he not only failed in supporting, though not actually defending, an apparently good cause, but has evidently incurred the displeasure of his colleagues besides.

From that decision there is no appeal, seeing that the Order is absolutely the sole and supreme arbiter in matters affecting the private as well as the professional conduct of its members. The *bâtonnier*, or annually elected chief—so called from the silver wand (*bâton*) carried by the Superior of the Brotherhood of St. Nicholas, from which the first *bâtonnier* was chosen about the beginning of the fourteenth century—has, by this time notified the decision to the Procureur-Général of the Republic, who, in his turn, is bound to inform the presidents and vice presidents of the metropolitan jurisdiction. Maître Leblois

will not be permitted to open his lips in any court for half a year, and if the Council of Discipline had seen fit to strike him off the roll altogether he would have had just as much redress as he has now. "In virtue of its interior discipline," says M. Jules Le Berquier in his *Barreau Moderne*, "the Bar becomes the guardian of its own dignity; in virtue of its undisputed control of its own roll (*tableau*) the Bar rejects or admits whomsoever it likes or dislikes, and in that way offers the advantage to its members of learning to know each other." From this it becomes patent to the reader that it is not sufficient for the student-at-law to pass his examinations satisfactorily or even brilliantly. The twenty members constituting the Council of the Order may refuse him admittance to it, although such refusal is not final, for he can apply again and again.

As far as I am aware, there is only one institution in Europe wielding similar powers—namely, the officers of any and every German regiment, who decide about the fitness of a cadet of the Military Academy to be received into their midst. They, however, are bound to inform the Emperor of the reason or reasons of their adverse conclusions. The Council of the Order of Paris—or, for the matter of that, of provincial—Barristers is not compelled to furnish explanations to anyone. And even when admitted, the successful student is virtually a probationer (*stagiaire*). He bears the title of advocate, and belongs to the Bar, but he is not inscribed on the roll. He takes the oath before the Court of Appeal "to defend only such causes as he considers just according to his soul and conscience" (*de défendre seulement les causes qu'il croira justes en son âme et conscience*), but he takes no part in the annual election of the members of the Council. He cannot be called upon to perform the functions of a Judge, in the event of an insufficient number of magistrates, in order to complete a quorum.

Nevertheless, he is permitted to plead and to give consultations. Originally, the term of his probation was fixed at two years. Between 1751 and 1810 it was doubled; in 1810 it was reduced to three years; at which number it remains in virtue of a decision of 1822. During that time the probationer is virtually required to attend as many sittings of the Courts as possible, and though he may shirk this obligation, he cannot escape attendance at the weekly lectures by the *bâtonnier*, or in the absence of the latter, by some member of the Council. There is a register to sign, and the absence of his signature without a justifying cause would expose him to admonition, perhaps to severe reprimand. The lecture is followed by a debate in which he may try his powers. There are, moreover, private gatherings of a like nature, such as the "Conférence Loisel," the "Conférence Montesquieu," and a dozen others, each of which derives its title from some eminent lawyer.

Meanwhile the 'prentice-barrister does not rely solely on those gatherings for attaining excellence in deportment, gesticulation, and delivery. Of course some are such natural masters of all three accomplishments as to require no tuition. Berryer, of whom I wrote in a former paper, was enabled to teach the famous Rachel in one instance. Gambetta and Jules Favre were both born orators, although their style of oratory would scarcely have appealed to Englishmen. The majority of beginners think it necessary to engage masters—generally some well-known actor who has retired from the stage, and who devotes the remainder of his histrionic talent to that particular branch of his art.

The 'prentice-barrister has his chambers to furnish. An English beginner may do this as inexpensively as he likes, for, as a rule, he does not come into direct contact with his clients, and the solicitor who "briefs" him knows of his struggles. The French barrister receives his clients at his domicile, which is also his professional headquarters, and it were well English adapters of French plays should bear this in mind. The clients must not be led to suspect the beginner's difficulties. Then, the moment his probation is over and he is inscribed on the roll, there is his license (*patente*) to pay. It is calculated on his rent, which calculation logically considered is adding injury to insult, seeing that this rent is probably beyond his means. Strange as it may seem, this tax has prevented many a probationer from inscribing himself on the roll. I have no statistics by me, but I remember having read that out of two hundred and eighty probationers registered in 1869-70, there remained only twenty-eight advocates ten years later. Neither the war nor natural causes could have removed those ninety per cent. The Marquis de Pomereu remained for many years nominally a probationer. He was the heir to the Marquis d'Aligre, who had left him, among other property, a mansion in the Rue de Lille, the rent of which was assessed by the fiscal authorities at £4500; his license would have been in proportion. After a decade, the Council of his Order called upon him to decide, and Maître Pomereu—for no titles are admitted on the roll—finally became a *de facto* barrister. I have said enough to show that the French barrister does not invariably lie on a bed of roses, although thorns such as have been inserted in Maître Leblois's couch are not common.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

(See Supplement.)

As the long period of training on the part of the crews for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race draws to a close, prophecies as to the probable result of the struggle have a way of growing more and more confident, but this year many an expert critic has perceived "a divided duty" which has somewhat abated his customary manner. Since the arrival of the two crews at Putney, indeed, the general opinion as to their relative merits has undergone a considerable change. In the earlier days of this year's training, Oxford, with her six old Blues to the two of Cambridge, seemed likely to gain her ninth successive victory with comparative ease. But in spite of their many disadvantages arising from the changes in the boat made necessary by illness, the Light Blues have improved in form until there is every prospect of a good race, at any rate, and even a possibility of a victory for Cambridge, after a Dark Blue supremacy of eight years. Within a few hours of the appearance of these remarks, however, the time-honoured race will once more have been lost and won. Further surmise would therefore be idle, and we must rest content with our annual custom of publishing the portraits of the rival crews on the day of "the Water Derby" of the year.

## THE LATE MR. W. H. OVEREND.

It is with very deep regret that we record the untimely death of Mr. W. H. Overend, in whom *The Illustrated London News* has lost one of the most valued artists of its regular staff. Mr. Overend, who died on March 18, after an extremely short illness, was still in the prime alike of his life and of his artistic powers, having been born only as far back as 1851. Born at Coatham, in Yorkshire, he became in due course a Charterhouse schoolboy. From earliest childhood he had shown considerable facility in drawing, and some of his sketches made at the age of nine or ten bear evidence of remarkable powers of observation and memory. When the time came for him to leave school it was therefore only natural that he should devote himself entirely to the cultivation of his art. At first he sought to be a painter, and in later years he was more than once a successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy, but his early and long-continued connection with *The Illustrated London News* led him to specialise more and more on black-and-white drawing. From boyhood his interest had centred in nautical matters, and the vivid accuracy of his treatment of all sorts of seafaring subjects, peaceful or warlike, long since gave him a place of his own in contemporary art. Among the more particularly interesting of his pictures were a portrait study of the Duke of York as commanding officer of a torpedo-boat, and his stirring presentment of Admiral Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay, now in the possession of the United States Government. His many contributions to our own pages are doubtless fresh in the memory of our readers. The most recent of the long series, "Action Exercise on Board H.M.S. *Australia*," appeared in our last Number. In private life Mr. Overend was a man of simple, kindly nature, held in high regard by his large circle of friends.

## THE LATE AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who died last week, had suffered for three years from a wasting disease of the lungs. For the last few months he had been near to dying, and London had been abandoned for Bournemouth (as it was with R. L. Stevenson), then Bournemouth for Paris, and Paris for Mentone, where his last days were spent, and where he had the devoted attendance of his mother and his sister. Dying in his twenties, a mere boy in appearance, he nevertheless leaves behind him an impression on the fashions of art in England such as few have made in lives of long duration. First of all, he was a master of lovely line. As such, he compelled admiration, even from those who felt least sympathy with his subjects, his methods of treatment, and particularly the expression of evil on the faces of his women—all of the decadence. By his illustrations of "Bons-Mots," of the now dead *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy*, of "The Rape of the Lock," of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and of other works, he made himself master of a new school of black-and-white work in England.

## THE LATE RIGHT HON. J. T. BALL.

The Right Hon. John Thomas Ball, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died at his house, Taney, Dundrum, county Dublin, was born in Dublin in 1815, the eldest son of Major Benjamin Marcus Ball. At the University of Dublin, where he took his LL.D. in 1844, he otherwise covered himself with distinctions; and he married in 1852 the daughter of the Regius Professor of Divinity there, Miss Catherine Elrington. At the Bar, to which he was called in 1840, he rose rapidly, becoming a Bencher of King's Inn, a Queen's Advocate, and Vicar-General of the province of Armagh. Entering Parliament in 1868 as member for the University of Dublin and as an opponent of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church policy, he at once made his eloquence felt in the House of Commons, and he became first Solicitor, and then Attorney General, in Mr. Disraeli's brief Administration. In 1874, Mr. Disraeli's return to power paved the way for Dr. Ball's appointment as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which he continued to be till 1880. Since that time he has taken a less prominent

part in public affairs. He was a D.C.L. of Oxford, and he made several contributions to literature, including a "History of Ireland before the Union."

## THE LATE SIR HENRY BESSEMER.

After an illness of three weeks, Sir Henry Bessemer has died at his house in Denmark Hill. Born in 1813, he delighted from earliest childhood in modelling, and before he was of age he was an exhibitor in the sculpture gallery of the Royal Academy. His fame, however, was to be won in another department, and, happily perhaps for him, his fortune too. He became an engineer, and this, to a man of his fertile resource, was to become an inventor and a patentee, a capacity in which, of course, he encountered much ridicule and opposition, and spent in patent fees alone the large sum of £10,000. His great hit was the discovery of a simple process for the conversion of pig-iron into steel, a discovery which reorganised the iron trade, effected an enormous economy in coal, added to the strength of steel, and increased the production of it from fifty thousand to three million tons a year. In 1858 the Institution of Civil Engineers conferred the Telford Gold Medal on Mr. Bessemer, to whom subsequent honours came in showers, not from England only, but from all the civilised world.

## KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

The escape of the King of Greece from assassination continues to be the theme of rejoicing amongst his subjects. We give a picture of a scene outside the King's palace at Athens, showing the enthusiastic fervour of the populace.



Photo Barran. THE LATE MR. W. H. OVEREND.



Photo Russell. THE LATE MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

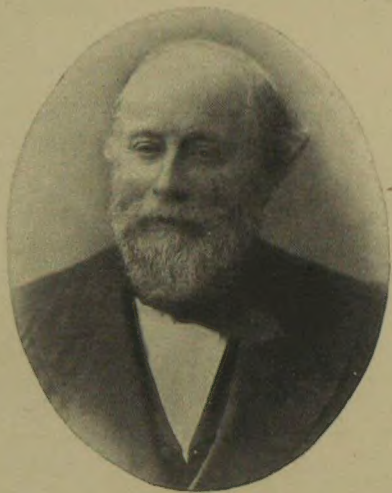


Photo Chancellor, Dublin. THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN T. BALL, LL.D.



Photo Elliott and Fry. THE LATE SIR HENRY BESSEMER, F.R.S.

Personally, King George is the most democratic Sovereign in Europe, and the divinity that hedges him is not at all of the ultra-regal kind which may be seen in some more important capitals than his. A certain spirit of comradeship between himself and his people suffered, no doubt, from the disasters of the recent war, but it has been completely restored by the universal joy over his preservation from the hand of an assassin.

## PRESENTATION TO A VICE-CONSUL.

Monte Carlo is always a centre of interest for English people at this time of the year, and the present spring is proving no exception to the rule. Those who do not find pleasure at the gaming-tables extract plenty of amusement from walks on the terraces, the music, and the varied society offered by so cosmopolitan a spot. A pretty ceremony took place in the British colony the other day, when Sir Edward Malet—recently our Ambassador



at Berlin—made a presentation to Mr. Edward Smith, the retiring British Vice-Consul. Mr. Smith was the first

British representative appointed to the Principality, and it is owing to his energy that Monte Carlo is able to boast of an English church and bank. The presentation, with an appropriate inscription, consisted of a silver punch-bowl and silver-mounted claret-jugs. The ceremony of presentation took place in the private rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Milner Gibson, at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo.

## STATUE OF LORD ROBERTS.

The equestrian statue of Lord Roberts lately erected at Calcutta was unveiled in the presence of a very large gathering, on March 2, by the Viceroy, Lord Elgin. The statue occupies a commanding site in the centre of the Red Road, on the west. The troops present were the Calcutta Light Horse and Gloucester Regiment, the Naval Volunteers, P.V.R.B., 5th B.I., Royal Artillery, 4th B.I., and Cossipore Artillery Volunteers, the North Calcutta Volunteers, West Kent Regiment, and the 7th Bengal Cavalry. The massed bands formed up the centre, the guard of honour being furnished by the Gloucester Regiment.

Sir Patrick Playfair, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Lord Roberts Memorial Fund, invited the Viceroy to unveil the statue. His Excellency, after thanking Sir Patrick Playfair and his committee, addressed the assembly, after which he unveiled the statue to the accompaniment of a salute from Fort William. The cost of the statue and pedestal, amounting to £3500, has been entirely defrayed by the subscriptions of Lord Roberts's friends and admirers. At either end of the pedestal are allegorical figures symbolising Courage and Fortitude. The friezes encircling the pedestal represent the march from Kabul to Kandahar. Both statue and pedestal were designed by Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A.

## THE WEST AFRICAN DISPUTE.

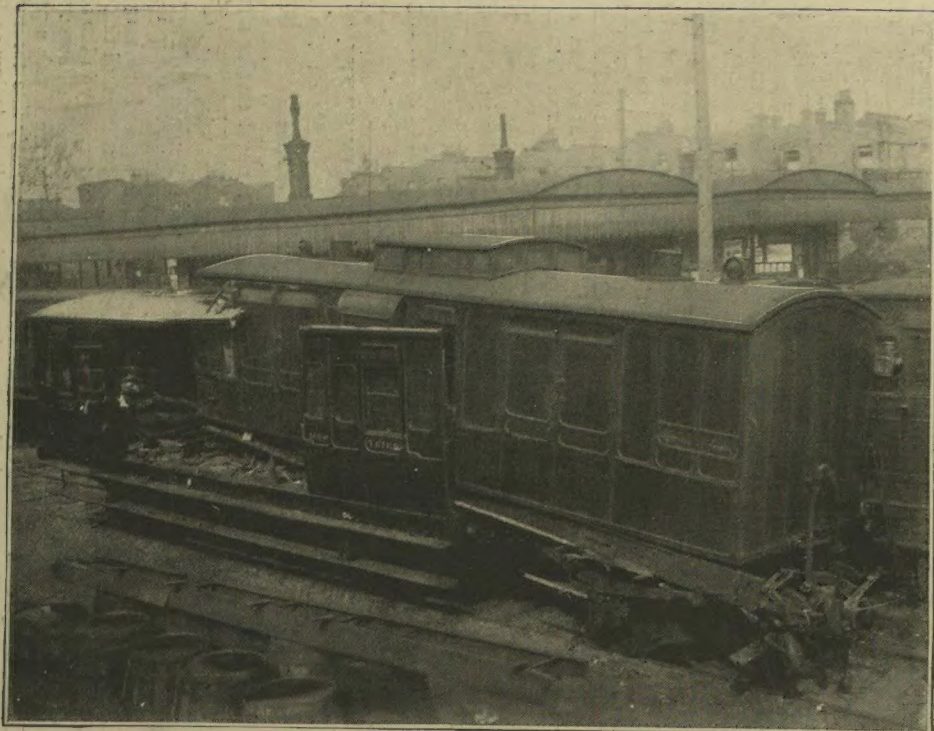
No fresh incidents have this week been reported, up to the present time of writing, from the Lower Niger and Lagos Hinterland region, casting any new light upon the situation of the British and French official authorities in the disputed Borgu territory at and about Nikki and Boussa, on the west side of the river Niger. The rumour of a French intrusion into Sokoto, to the east of the Niger, has not been confirmed. By the time Colonel Lugard, who is now on his voyage to West Africa from England, arrives at the headquarters, Lokoja, to take the chief military command, it is to be hoped that the Foreign Office negotiations in Paris between the Governments of Great Britain and France may have obtained a satisfactory settlement of the territorial boundary question. To ensure its fair and equitable consideration by public opinion, the political doctrine of a "Hinterland" or "Back Country," naturally required by any European coast settlement for the development of trade and the extension of civilising agencies in the interior of such a continent as Africa, with a protectorate and control of native tribes, should be kept steadily in view. This doctrine, of German origin, has been admitted as a general principle by the International Conferences held on different occasions at Berlin, Paris, and Brussels, since which diplomats have endeavoured to assign in such instances a limit drawn on the map, or to be described in some formal document, for the "sphere of influence" specially assigned to the European Government possessing recognised colonial jurisdiction on the sea-coast, or at the navigable river port of the country. France now possesses on the coast of the Bay of Benin, between the British Gold Coast territory to the west and the British colony of Lagos to the east, the comparatively small and narrow territory obtained by the conquest of Dahomey, with

Whydah, from which establishment it is, and not from the remote French Colonial Government of Senegal, which reaches the Upper Niger, that the French expeditions to Nikki and Boussa, north of the ninth degree of latitude from the Equator, and geographically in a straight line marking due northward behind Lagos in the great bend of the Lower Niger, have proceeded; and this is the alleged trespass or encroachment complained of by the Niger Protectorate and by the Royal Niger Company.

## THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Disquieting rumours of fresh demands on the Chinese Empire by two of the great European Powers have been current this week. France is said to have asked not only for the cession of Lei-Chow as a naval coaling station, on the eastern coast of the most southerly peninsula of China, adjacent to the French colony of Tonquin, but also for the construction of a railway from Tonquin to Yunnan, the capital of the most westerly province, which has great commercial resources, and which would have been opened by the British Burma railway. It is affirmed that France will never permit any cession of territory in the southern or western provinces to any other foreign Power. In the north, China now seems willing to give Russia a perpetual lease of Talien-Wan and the railway line through Manchuria, but hesitates to give up Port Arthur as likely to provoke a new Japanese war. Russian pressure on Korea still increases in force. It is apparently on this side, with a view to the early acquisition of stations available for a maritime conflict on all the shores of the Yellow Sea, around which the naval forces of so many foreign nations may hereafter be assembled to dispute facilities of access to the vast productive interior regions of China, that the present helpless situation of the almost ruined Imperial Government at Peking becomes a matter of increasing moment.





THE ACCIDENT AT ST. JOHN'S STATION, SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

Photo Thankfull Sturges.

#### RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR LONDON.

On Monday morning, about nine o'clock, a lamentable disaster took place on the South-Eastern Railway, at the St. John's Station, between New Cross and Lewisham, near the junction of the North Kent with the main line. The train up from Hastings, in a thick fog, running into the train from Tunbridge, which was standing at St. John's Station, smashed the guard's van and a third-class passenger carriage. Three passengers—two of them young ladies, one a school-girl, and a commercial clerk or warehouseman going to business in the City—were killed. Some of the other passengers were more or less injured.

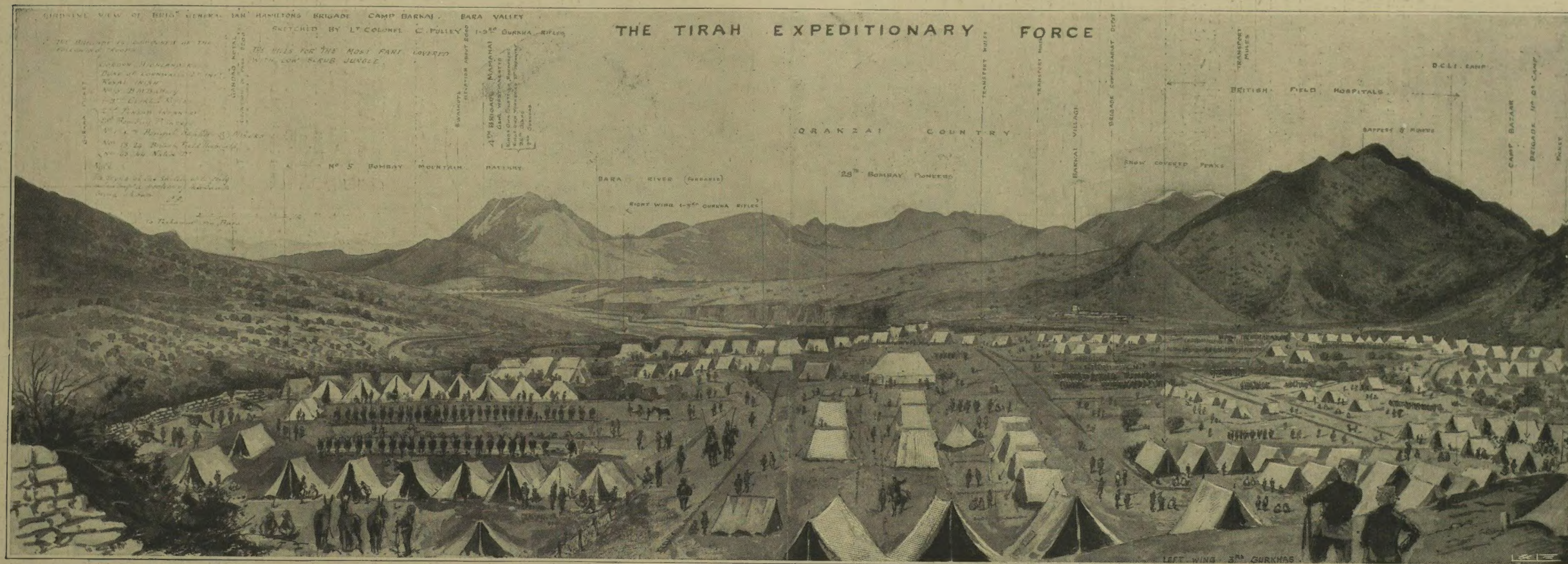
#### BUILDING ACCIDENT AT EDINBURGH.

A singular and terrible mishap occurred in the violent gale of wind at Edinburgh on Friday, at the building works of the North British Railway Hotel, in construction adjacent to the Waverley Station of the North British Railway. A wooden scaffolding, sixty-two feet high from the level of the North Bridge, had been erected for the purpose of raising the parts of a steam-crane to be used in the work of building. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and seven or eight men were upon the scaffolding and others beneath it, when the lofty structure, apparently yielding to the wind and inclining eastward, before the men could escape, suddenly collapsed and fell into a heap. Two men were killed, and thirteen more or less hurt by this disaster.



Photo Hume and Russell, Edinburgh.

THE SCAFFOLD ACCIDENT AT EDINBURGH: THE WRECKAGE AT WAVERLEY STATION.



WITH THE TIRAH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL IAN HAMILTON'S BRIGADE, BARKAI CAMP, BARA VALLEY.

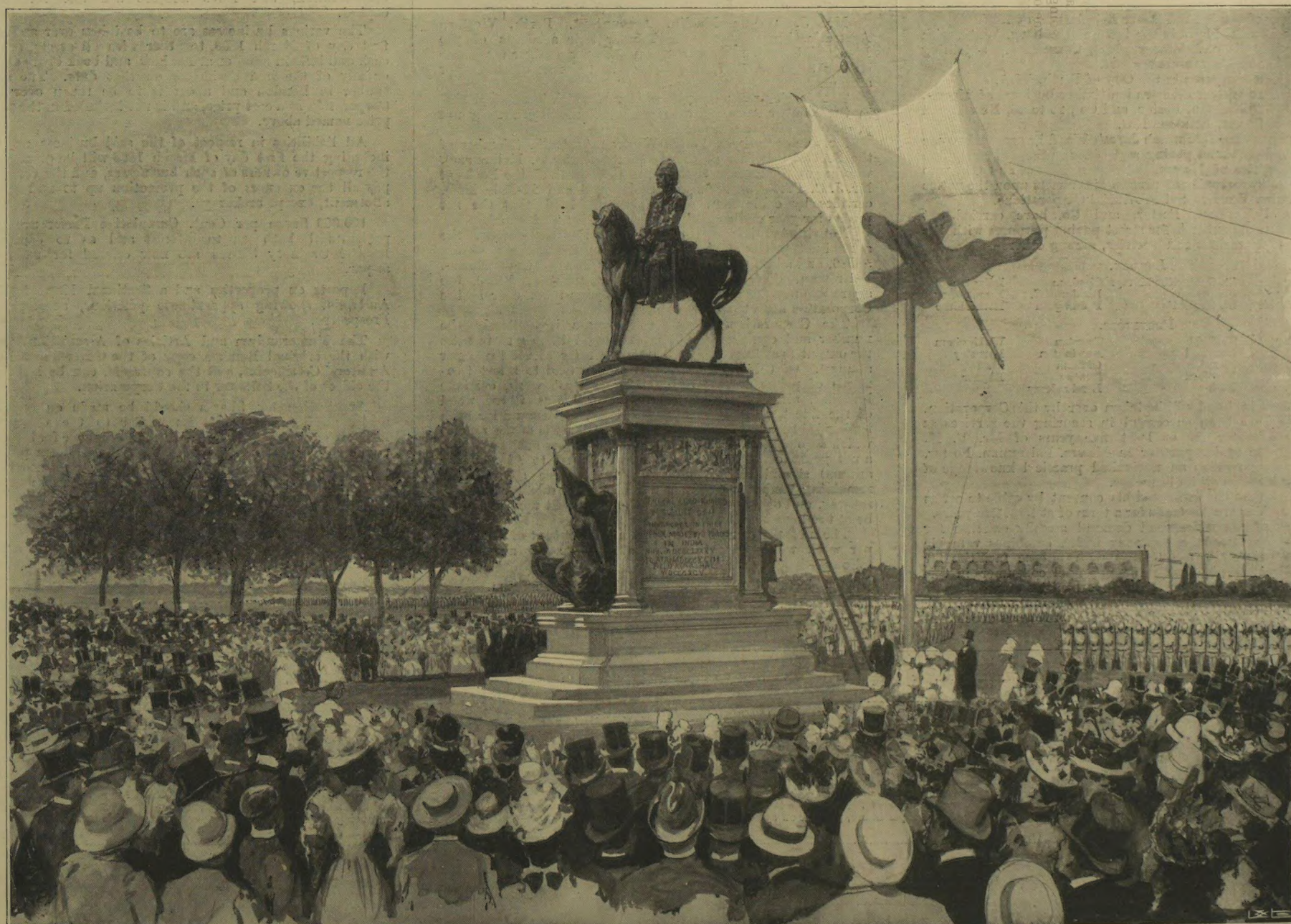
Facsimile of a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.





THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE KING OF GREECE: A POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS, TO CELEBRATE HIS MAJESTY'S ESCAPE.

*From a Photograph supplied by the Nilsson Library, Paris.*



STATUE OF LORD ROBERTS UNVEILED AT CALCUTTA BY THE VICEROY, LORD ELGIN.

*From a Sketch by Mr. George Grant, Calcutta.*



The List of Applications will be OPENED on Saturday, March 26, and CLOSED on or before Tuesday, March 29, at 4 p.m.

### SPECIAL FEATURES.

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(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

## CAPITAL - - - - - £250,000

In 100,000 Seven per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, preferential both as to Interest and as to Capital, and 150,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, of which 100,000 Preference Shares and 100,000 Ordinary Shares are now offered for Subscription at Par.

Payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; and the balance as and when required, in Calls not exceeding 5s. per Share, and at intervals of not less than one month.

#### DIRECTORS.

Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., 104, Pall Mall, S.W., Chairman.  
HERBERT ALLEN, 36, Buckingham Palace Mansions, S.W.  
H. BATEMAN, 83, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.  
M. H. TEMPLE, 11, Grove Mansions, Clapham Common, S.W.  
\*R. WHIELDON BARNETT, 10, Bedford Court Mansions, W.C.  
\*F. H. PALFREMAN (Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co.), New Broad Street House, E.C., Managing Director.

\* Will join the Board after Allotment.

GENERAL MANAGER IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.  
J. C. PORT.

#### BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK, Limited, 222, Strand, London, W.C.; and other Branches.  
THE UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, Limited, 71, Cornhill, E.C.; Perth, Bunbury, and other Branches, Western Australia.

#### SOLICITOR.

H. PERCY BECHER, 26, Bedford Row, W.C.

#### AUDITORS.

W. H. and J. E. WARD, Chartered Accountants, Broad Street House, E.C.; and Birmingham.

#### BROKERS.

C. D. HOBLYN and KING, 43, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; and Stock Exchange.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.).

WARWICK W. CLARKE, Broad Street House, E.C.

## ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THIS Corporation has been formed to acquire the following established businesses and valuable timber properties and rights and to amalgamate them as one going concern—

Northern Estate and Lion Mill.—The Lion Mill, situate about twenty-four miles from Perth, and near Chidlow's Wells Station on the Perth and Coolgardie Railway, together with 10,017 acres of freehold timber land and 8000 acres of timber land held under special license from the Government of Western Australia.

Central Estate and Collie Mill.—The Collie Mill, situate in the Darling Range, W.A., between the Collie and Brunswick Rivers, together with 1100 acres of land held under the conditional purchase system, and 38,280 acres of timber land held under special license from the Government of Western Australia.

Southern Estate and 24-Mile Mill. The 24-Mile Mill, situate near Donnybrook, W.A., and 3840 acres of timber land held under special license from the Government of Western Australia.

The special licenses are held under Clause 96 of the W.A. Timber Regulations of 1887.

Freehold land in the town of Bunbury, W.A., with mills and joinery plant, immediately adjoining the Government wharf.

Timber yards in the City of Perth, W.A.

The Western Australian timber business of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co., 25 to 35, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

The prominence into which Jarrah Wood has recently come as a material for street paving and other works, is largely due to the enterprise of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co., who have lost no opportunity of pressing its merits upon the notice of the London Vestries and Provincial Corporations.

Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co. have carried out extensive Jarrah contracts for street paving purposes with the following Corporations and Vestries, among others—

LONDON.			
Lambeth	St. George the Martyr	Clapham	Islington
St. Pancras	Streatlam	London C.C.	Barnes
Hammersmith	St. Saviour's	Paddington	Rotherhithe
PROVINCES.			
Manchester	Sheffield	Taunton	Wokingham
Bristol	Bradford	Accrington	Barnsley
Folkestone	Harwich	Oldham	Hull
York	Hereford	Buxton	Bognor
Nottingham	Bath	Londonderry	

All orders in hand will be taken over by this Corporation. The Board have been successful in securing the services as Managing Director for at least five years of Mr. F. H. Palfreman, the senior partner in Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co., who possesses an unrivalled practical knowledge of the timber trade in all its branches.

Mr. J. C. Port has intimated his consent by cable to act as Manager in Western Australia for a term of at least five years.

In view of the widespread demand already existing for Western Australian hardwoods, a company which combines valuable sources of supply in the Colony with unique facilities for securing direct relations with the principal consumers in this country must command excellent opportunities of profit.

It will be seen that the Corporation secures the freehold of, or the timber rights over, a total area of 61,237 acres of selected forest land.

#### PROFITS.

Messrs. W. H. and J. E. Ward, Chartered Accountants, report as follows on the West Australian Department of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co.'s timber business—

"Broad Street House, London, E.C., Feb. 7, 1898.

"To the Directors of the Jarrah Timber and Wood Paving Corporation, Limited.

"Gentlemen,—We have examined the Purchases and Sales Books of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Company, and hereby certify that the gross profits realised upon their sales of Jarrah Wood for the period from March 9, 1894, to June 30, 1897, amounted to £9018 14s. 10d., or an average of £2725 0s. 9d. per annum. This represents only a portion of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Company's business, but, in our opinion, £325 is a fair proportion for rent and office expenses, thus leaving a net profit at the rate of £2400 0s. 9d. per annum.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "W. H. & J. E. Ward, Chartered Accountants."

Mr. J. Wilson Huelin, Accountant, Perth, Western Australia, has prepared the Timber Sale accounts of the Lion Mill, which show a net profit for eighteen months ending June 30, 1897, of £5579, or at the rate of £3718 per annum.

The year's profits on sales of stores, which is not included in the Timber Account, averages £756, making a total net profit of £4476 per annum.

Mr. James Corbett, Perth, Western Australia (Member of the Federal Institute of Chartered Accountants, Melbourne), who has at the request of the Directors examined the Books of Mr. J. C. Port's business (the Collie Mill and 24-Mile Mill), certifies by cablegram, dated Feb. 26, 1898, that the net profits for year ending Jan. 31, 1898, were £4062 5s. 5d.

Notwithstanding a comparatively limited output, the annual net profits of the three mills on the above basis are £8536, and adding those of the W. A. Department of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co.'s timber business, £2400, the aggregate net profits of the going concerns taken over by the Corporation are £10,936.

The Corporation intends to increase immediately the number and equipment of the existing Mills, so as to raise the output to at least 600 loads per week (or 31,200 loads per annum). Of this total output it is intended to select two-thirds of prime quality suitable for joiners' work, carriage building, street paving, and other purposes where wood of the finest description is required. The demand for such timber is practically unlimited, and on the basis of the reports which accompany the prospectus, the Directors anticipate that a net profit of at least 30s. per load (equal to £31,200 per annum) should be realised from this source alone. The remaining timber commands a ready local sale for mining, railway, and other purposes, and the net profit upon it should be at the lowest estimate £9300 per annum.

The net profit realisable from a total output of 600 loads per week works out, therefore, at £40,500 per annum, as follows—

Selected timber ...	£31,200 per annum.
Second quality timber ...	9,300 "
	£40,500

The dividend on the Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares amounts to £7000. The estimated net revenue therefore would, after allowing for administration and management expenses, and setting aside a substantial sum for Reserve Fund and depreciation, admit of the distribution of at least 15 per cent. per annum on the ordinary Share Capital.

The purchase price which has been fixed by S. Walden and Co., Limited (who are the vendors to and promoters of this Corporation and resell at a profit), for the freehold land, Government licenses, sawmills, dwellings, plant, live stock, and goodwill, constituting the Northern Estate and Lion Mill, the Central Estate and Collie Mill, the Southern Estate and 24-Mile Mill, the freehold timber-yards at Bunbury, leasehold yards at Perth, stocks of sawn timber at Bunbury, Perth, the Collie and 24-Mile Mills, and the West Australian timber business of Messrs. Palfreman, Foster, and Co., is £215,000—as to £65,000 in cash, as to £50,000 in fully paid ordinary shares, and as to £100,000 in fully paid ordinary shares or cash, at the option of the Directors of the Corporation. The present issue, after providing for the purchase consideration, will leave £35,000 available for working capital.

The various businesses are to be taken over as from the first day of March 1898, together with all assets, excepting cash and bills in hand or at Bankers, and book debts due to all or any of the said businesses on that date. The stock of timber in London and afloat is to be taken over by the Corporation at a cost price, and is not included in the purchase price named above.

All liabilities in respect of the said business up to and including the first day of March 1898 will be discharged by the respective owners of such businesses, and the vendors will pay all the expenses of the promotion up to and including allotment, except brokerage.

100,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, preferential both as to interest and as to capital, and 100,000 Ordinary Shares are now offered for subscription at par.

Reports on properties and a Sectional Map of Western Australia, showing approximate positions, accompany this Prospectus.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association, together with the original Reports, copy of the Government Reports, Auditors' Certificates, and the contracts, can be inspected at the offices of the Solicitor to the Corporation.

Application for Shares should be made on one of the accompanying forms and forwarded to the Corporation's Bankers or Brokers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. In cases where no allotment is made the amount of deposit on application will be returned in full. If the number of Shares allotted be less than that applied for the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any balance will be returned.

It is intended to apply for a special settlement and a quotation on the London Stock Exchange of both the Preference and the Ordinary Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitor, Brokers, Auditors, and Secretary of the Corporation.

London, March 22, 1898.

This may be cut out, filled up, and sent, with the amount payable on application, to the Company's Bankers, LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 222, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., or any other branch. Separate cheques must accompany each application.

#### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR PREFERENCE SHARES.

To the Directors of the Jarrah Timber and Wood-Paving Corporation, Limited.

Gentlemen,—I request you to allot me ..... Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares in the above-named Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you, dated March 22, 1898, and I authorise you to place my name upon the Register in respect of the Preference Shares so allotted to me; and I agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Preference Shares as the same shall become due; and I agree with the Company as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable to waive any claims I may have against them for not more fully complying in the said Prospectus with the requirements of Sec. 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

I enclose a cheque for ..... being the deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share, payable on application.

Full name.....  
Ordinary Signature.....  
Description or Occupation.....  
Permanent Address.....

Please write distinctly and give full permanent address.

Date.....1898.

All Cheques to be made payable to Bearer and crossed Lloyds Bank, Limited. No receipts for the amounts paid on application will be issued, but Allotment Letters and Letters of Regret will be posted with as little delay as possible.

This may be cut out, filled up, and sent, with the amount payable on application, to the Company's Bankers, LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 222, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., or any other branch. Separate cheques must accompany each application.

#### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR ORDINARY SHARES.

To the Directors of the Jarrah Timber and Wood-Paving Corporation, Limited.

Gentlemen,—I request you to allot me ..... Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you, dated March 22, 1898, and I authorise you to place my name upon the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so allotted to me; and I agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as the same shall become due; and I agree with the Company as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable to waive any claims I may have against them for not more fully complying in the said Prospectus with the requirements of Sec. 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

I enclose a cheque for ..... being the deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share, payable on application.

Full Name.....  
Ordinary Signature.....  
Description or Occupation.....  
Permanent Address.....

Please write distinctly and give full permanent address.

Date.....1898.

All Cheques to be made payable to bearer and crossed Lloyds Bank, Limited. No receipts for the amounts paid on application will be issued, but Allotment Letters and Letters of Regret will be posted with as little delay as possible.



## PERSONAL.

Colonel Clement Henry Swinnerton Dyer, whom recent circumstances have made famous as the President of the Engineering Employers' Federation, died suddenly during Sunday night at his home at Rusholme, Manchester. He had no preparatory warning; his wife and daughters were absent in London; and he went to bed on Sunday night feeling only a little out of sorts. He was dead, from failure of the heart, when his valet called him the next morning. Born in 1834, he joined the Royal Artillery, and saw active service in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, his horse being twice shot under him. Leaving the army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he became Assistant-Superintendent of the Government Small Arms Factory at Enfield, passing thence into the service, first of Sir Joseph Whitworth at Manchester and then of Lord Armstrong at Elswick—two firms which he was mainly responsible in amalgamating. His energetic and particularly anxious efforts during the recent lock-out and other episodes of the engineering dispute, though successful in the end, no doubt occasioned the overstrain which has suddenly ended his life.

Major-General Robert Patrick Anderson, late of the Bengal Staff Corps, whose death took place at Upper Norwood, had reached the age of seventy-two. He was the son of Mr. John Anderson, of Stroquhan, Dumfriesshire, who served as secretary to the Government of the Incorporated Settlements in the Straits of Malacca. The late General entered the Army in 1842, served in the Punjab at the end of the 'forties, and during the Mutiny commanded an exposed outpost in the defence of the Residency of Lucknow. His wounds in the head, face, and foot did not abate his ardour, and he was again wounded when acting as guide during Sir Robert Napier's attack on the "garden guns." He had his reward in being present at the reoccupation of Cawnpore, to say nothing of clasps, medals, and promotion. The command of the 34th Native Infantry, given him shortly after the Mutiny, he retained till he left India, preparatory to retirement in 1876. He was promoted to be Major-General in 1878.

The death of Major-General Sir George Bouchier, K.C.B., deprives us of another of the veterans who did service during the Indian Mutiny. The son of a rector of Bramfield, Herts, he entered the Bengal Artillery in 1838, and was a Lieutenant when he took part in the Gwalior Campaign in 1843, and won the Bronze Star. He obtained his company in 1853, and during the Mutiny commanded a field-battery, being present at many actions, including the siege and capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow. For these services he had the public praise of Lord Clyde, among others, and the Companionship of the Bath. He saw further service in India as a Colonel before 1871, when he was appointed to the command of the Eastern Frontier District. His part in the Lushai Expeditionary Force of 1871, when he was wounded in the arm, won him promotion as K.C.B., and in the following year he rose to be Major-General. Sir George had also received the thanks of the Government and a reward for distinguished service. He died, after only a brief illness, at his house at Twickenham, in his seventy-seventh year.

Admiral Robert Coote, C.B., who died at Dulwich this week after a long illness, was the son of Sir Charles Coote, of Ballyfin House, Queen's County. He was born at Geneva in 1820; educated at Eton; entered the Navy at the age of thirteen; and, after service in Syrian waters, was on the Irish station in 1844, during the Repeal disturbances. His operations in the Canton River in 1847 brought him special promotion; so did his command of the *Volcano* on the West Coast of Africa in 1851. A Captain in 1854, he organised the new Naval Police at Portsmouth in 1860; was promoted to be Rear-Admiral in 1870, C.B. in 1873, and Vice-Admiral in 1876; and was subsequently Commander-in-Chief on the Coast of Ireland, and then in China. In 1881 he was made Admiral, and four years later he retired. Admiral Coote, who was a J.P. for Hampshire and who owned large Irish estates, married in 1854 Lucy, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Parry; and she survives him.

The death of Sir William Lambert Dobson, Chief Justice of Tasmania, is reported by telegraph from Melbourne. His father, Mr. John Dobson, a solicitor at Gateshead-on-Tyne, emigrated to Tasmania, and settled at Hobart, where his eldest son, the future Chief Justice, was born in 1833. He was called to the English Bar in 1856, and to the Tasmanian Bar in 1857. The next year or so saw him appointed as Crown Solicitor to the colony, and he early entered the House of Assembly, where he sat for nine years, and several times served as Attorney-General. In 1870 he was appointed a Judge, and in 1885 Chief Justice. In that capacity he three times administered the government of the colony in the absence of the Governor; and he was one of the Jubilee Knights Commanders of St. Michael and St. George.

The death, from pneumonia, is announced from Dublin of Dr. George Valentine Patton, for many years editor of the *Daily Express* of that city, but better known in England as the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*. To

name the papers in question is to indicate the political and social sympathies of Dr. Patton in his journalistic career, which had been a long and an honourable one. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he took his B.A. degree in 1858, and his LL.D. in 1865. He was called to the Bar, but like so many other wearers of stuff, he found in journalism the true field of his activities.

The Nellie Farren Benefit at Drury Lane was in every way the most remarkable entertainment of the kind in theatrical history. The public vied with the dramatic profession to make the occasion unique. Many people spent the whole of the preceding night at the doors of the theatre. Never had the inhabitants of the district witnessed such a scene; never had the police to deal with such a peculiar obstruction of the thoroughfare. Such a tribute of sympathy has never been paid to any actress in our time. The organisers of the benefit were justified in asking such prices that the crowded theatre produced over £6000, and this sum by some process

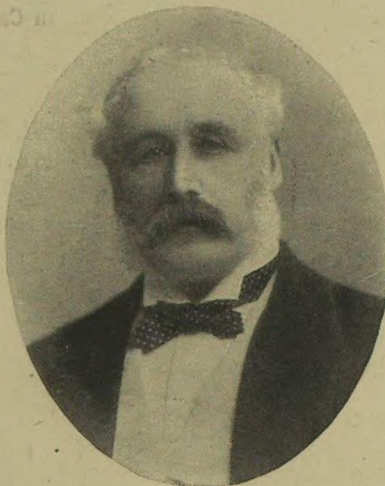


Photo R. E. Ruddock.  
THE LATE COLONEL C. H. S. DYER.

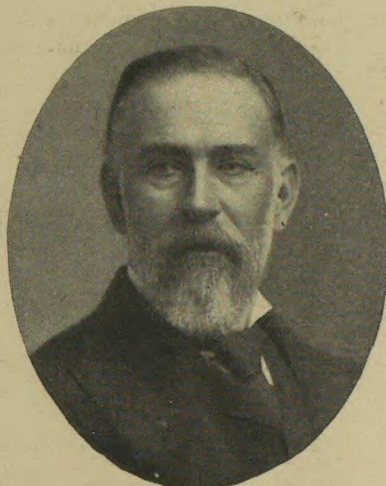


Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE HON. SIR WILLIAM L. DOBSON.



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE ADMIRAL COOTE.

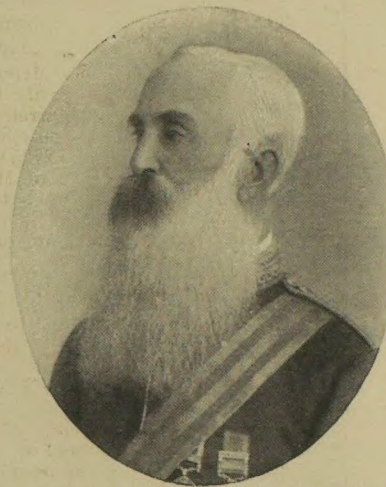


Photo A. J. Melhuish.  
THE LATE GENERAL ANDERSON.



Photo Maull and Fox.  
THE LATE GENERAL SIR GEORGE BOUCHIER.

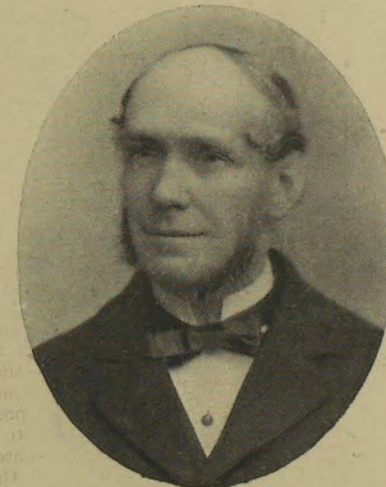


Photo Chancellor, Dublin.  
THE LATE MR. G. V. PATTON, LL.D.

of investment invented by the financial genius of the Rothschilds, is expected to endow Miss Farren with an annuity of £400. After her death the money will be allocated to theatrical charities, and part of it will go to a hospital cot bearing her name. It is a name which already has many traditions on the stage; but the most enduring of them is likely to be that of the actress whose humour and vitality were an abstract and brief chronicle—too brief, alas!—of the gaiety of London.

The parting gibe with which Dr. Tanner left the House of Commons the other night was, "Lord Salisbury's nephews!" Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Gerald Balfour are, of course, easily identified; but Mr. Lowther himself, if not a nephew of the Prime Minister, is, at any rate, married to a niece, a daughter of the late Mr. Beresford Hope, the owner of the *Saturday Review*, and the butt of Mr. Disraeli's allusion to "Batavian grace," who married Lady Mildred Cecil, sister of Lord Salisbury and of the mother of the Balfours. Certainly the present position is unique, even in the history of our great governing families: the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Commons, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and the Chairman of Committees being all drawn from one intimate domestic circle.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Cimiez, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with their children, has been enjoying daily carriage-drives in the neighbourhood, and passing some morning hours in the gardens of the Villa Liserb, adjacent to the Excelsior Hotel Regina, receiving the official visitors of the French local authorities, the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes Department and the Governor and Mayor of Nice; and has been visited also by the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, with Princess Mary of Hanover. Lord James of Hereford has been the Minister in attendance upon her Majesty.

The Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by his Royal Highness, on March 17, at Lansdowne House, opened the sale of work arranged by the Irish Industries Association. Lord Arthur Hill, with the ladies of rank keeping the stalls, received the royal visitors.

Lord Rosebery, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Curzon, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, spoke as guests of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at the annual dinner on March 16, expressing equally their confidence that British interests would be defended by the foreign policy of Lord Salisbury's Government.

The project of a national English commemoration in 1901 of the thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred was advocated on Friday, March 18, at a meeting called by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, the Mayor of Winchester, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London taking part in the proceedings. A committee was formed to carry out the proposal.

The London School Board last week adopted the recommendation of its School Management Committee to expend £100,000 of the ensuing year's revenue in the improvement of existing school buildings. An amendment, referring the scheme to the Works and Finance Committees for an estimate of the cost, was set aside.

A new first-class battle-ship, H.M.S. *Goliath*, was launched on Wednesday at Chatham Dockyard.

An unknown foreign steamer, supposed to be Dutch or Belgian, was sunk, and all her crew drowned, by collision with the sailing barque *British Princess*, of Liverpool, which she ran into, thirty miles off Lowestoft, in the dark hours of the morning on March 16.

The Lord Mayor of London on Friday opened the Northampton Institute, a Polytechnic School or College for Clerkenwell, erected at a cost of £80,000 on a site in St. John Street Road given by the Marquis of Northampton, and designed for the intellectual and social benefit of the working-class population. It is connected with the Birkbeck Institution and the City of London College.

Improvement of the London telephone service was the object of a conference held on March 17 at the Guildhall, when a communication from the chairman of the National Telephone Company was received, expressing readiness to make improvements; but the conference resolved to ask Government for an official inquiry concerning alleged defects of that service.

Irishmen in London kept St. Patrick's Day with a dinner at the Hotel Cecil, where Mr. John Dillon, in the chair, made a patriotic Nationalist speech, and a letter from Mr. Gladstone told them that their cause would be irresistible if they were a united party.

The Indian North-West Frontier War is now regarded as practically at an end; the tribes of Afridis who were lately standing out, the Kuki Khel, and Kambar Khel, have surrendered and sent hostages for their performance of the conditions of peace.

The situation in the Transvaal becomes more and more critical, and the Boers appear to think war the only possible solution of the difficulty if the British Government insists upon its suzerainty. They maintain that the suzerainty established in 1881 was done away by the London Convention, and military preparations are being pushed on for the defence of this opinion.

Among the more attractive company issues of the week is the Jarrah Timber and Wood Paving Corporation, Limited. This company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring forests, estates, timber licenses, tramways, sawmills, etc., in Western Australia. We have, during the last year or so, become familiar with the great commercial value of jarrah and karri timber, which now divides with gold the credit of having given prosperity and wealth to Western Australia. Jarrah is now especially in use in this city and in some of the large provincial towns for street-paving purposes, owing to its exceedingly durable and sanitary properties. The jarrah estates acquired by the Corporation are of exceptional value, while the organisation both in Western Australia and in London is already complete. We understand that the Jarrah Timber and Wood Paving Corporation is taking over a contract for supplying the St. Pancras Vestry with half a million blocks of jarrah for street-paving purposes.

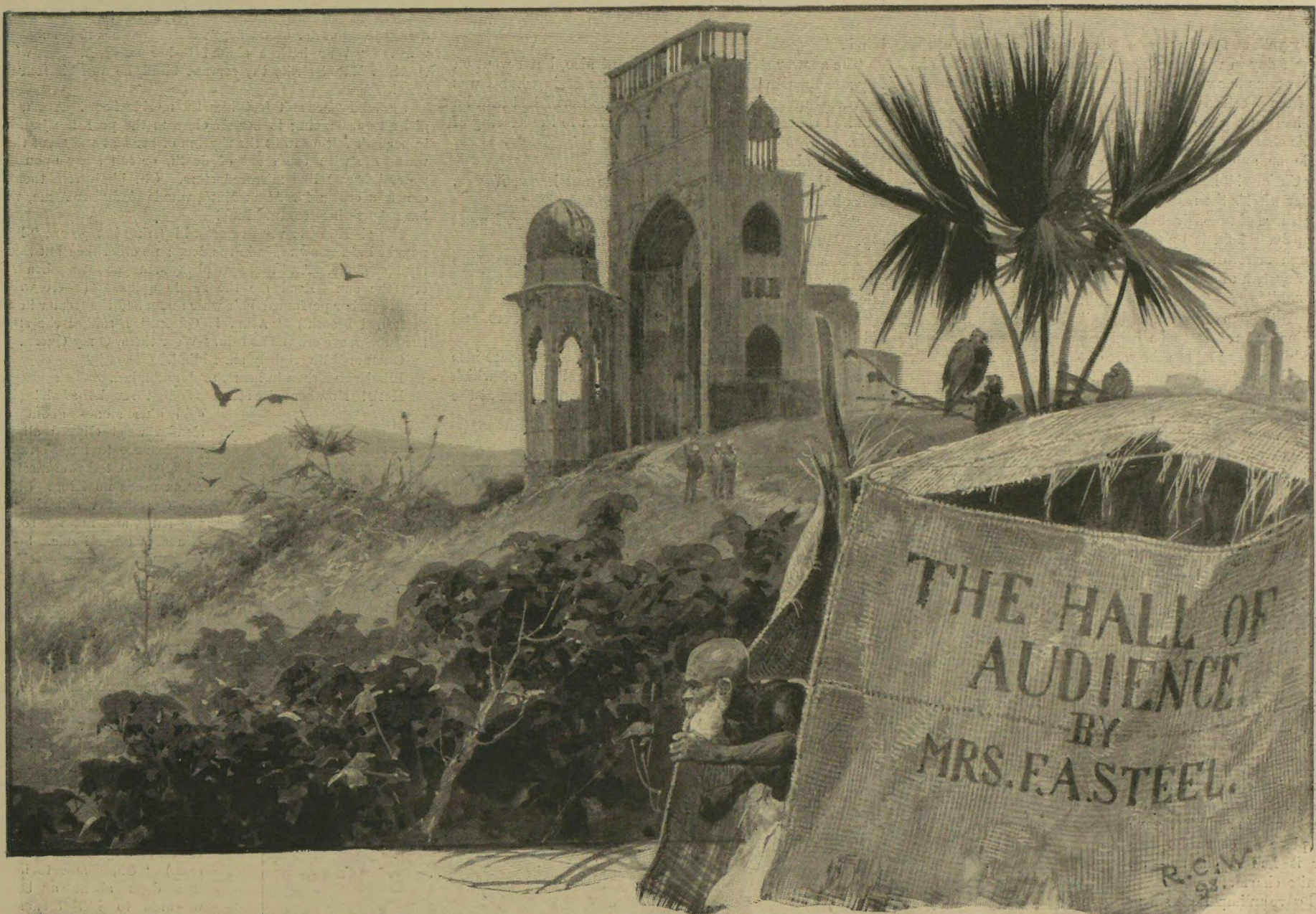




A DIFFICULT PASSAGE OF THE TALMUD.

*Drawn by Isaac Snowman.*





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

"THIS, Gentlemen and respected Sirs," said the blatant specimen of new India whom my friend Robbins had insisted on having as a guide to a ruined Rajput town, "is Hall of Common Audience; in more colloquial phrase, Court of Justice; built two, ought, six before Christ, B.C., by Great Asoka, mighty monarch of then united Hindustan, full of Manu wisdom and sacred Veda occultatisms——"

Then I gave in. "For God's sake, Robbins," I said, "take away that fool or I shall kill him! A man who beplasters even the Deity with University degrees is intolerable here."

Robbins gave me that look of condoling forbearance which had nearly driven me mad for a week, and beguiled the baboo away promptly, as if I had been a fractious child. I was, however, only a jilted man—a badly jilted man, whose jilting was of the kind which becomes almost comic from sheer excess of tragedy. To be brief, I had gone down on ten days' leave to Bombay to meet and marry the girl to whom I had been engaged for two years. Robbins, who was coming out in the same ship with her, was to have been best man. We had certainly been in love with each other when we last met—at least if I was not, I have never been in love at all. If she was not, then I have never seen a girl in love. I wish to be absolutely fair in the matter, so I will confess that as I went to meet her I knew myself to be less emotional than I had been two years before. I had even vague qualms as to whether this sort of thing was quite wise. I was, to put it curtly, in the mental condition in which every man who is about to marry a fiancée whom he has not seen for two years must be. Presumably her mental condition was similar; but whereas I had to spend the three weeks preceding the irrevocable step in a jungle station where any novelty must necessarily be attractive, she spent it in an environment which gave her endless opportunities of seeing other men, and comparing them with me and her ideal, the result being that she found she was in love with someone else. Being frank and honourable, she told me the truth with a kind of blank dismay. She did not offer to fulfil her engagement. How could she, when from the beginning to the end, from her first confession that I was her ideal to her last letter (then in my breast-pocket), the whole fabric of our future lives had been built by us on our belief in the permanence of this selfsame love of ours? We could only look in each other's eyes and wonder what was the matter with the foundations of our round world.

Robbins said I behaved splendidly. In truth, I was too much stunned at first to realise what it actually meant, and then a certain contempt for them both, especially for the man—who came and offered me a shot at him—made me magnanimous. I nearly offered in my turn to be best man at the wedding, and was only deterred from doing so by the feeling that it was theatrical, and by Robbins suggesting that I had better have some ice on the back of my head! He meant well, did Robbins, and insisted on accompanying me on what was to have been my wedding tour; for I had my ten days' leave, and I was in no hurry to go back to the gossiping little station where the bungalow I had furnished for her lay waiting a mistress.

Yes, Robbins meant well, and by sheer counter-irritation kept me going. There was a honeymoon off the same ship which came up country with us stage by stage, and the efforts Robbins made to prevent me from seeing its bliss were pathetically comic. The

bride and bridegroom wore neat, new brown leather shoes, and she had a new, brown leather handbag just like one which I had carried for my fiancée before she explained the situation. As I sat opposite the happy pair one day, I wondered sayagely if my face had worn the idiotic smirk of sheer content visible on the man's, and I tucked my own new brown shoes under the seat; they looked so forlorn beside Robbins's big boots. Nevertheless, I combated all his condemnation of the delinquents for the first three days. The only honourable theory of marriage being that based upon a mutual and romantic love, it would be unjust, I held, because of a single mistake, to blame anyone for acting in accordance with a belief which had made Englishmen and Englishwomen what, thank God, they were. In fact, I was baldly, brutally moral, until, coming out into the hotel verandah during one of our rests by the way, I happened on the bride and bridegroom looking at the moon.

Then the primeval desire to murder rose up, seized me, and held me. Why hadn't I taken the scoundrel's offer, and killed him? I was a good shot, and Robbins, as an army doctor, an excellent second. Then I could have married the bride-widow, or spurned her, as I preferred!

There was really, I told myself, no logical foothold between this and being best man. If marriage was an affair of love, then these two were right, and the part designed for me by Providence obviously that of second fiddle; if not, they were wrong, and I had a right to claim redress. To shilly-shally, feeling at once hurt and magnanimous, was absurd. I had lain awake after this incident, debating, half in jest, half in earnest, whether I should send Robbins back to the wedding at Bombay with my cartel, or go myself with a set of silver salt-cellars in a velvet case. But underneath my jest and earnest lay a keen yet vague desire to understand, to find some solid spot on which to rest. I had still been debating the question when, to please Robbins, who liked me to have no time for thought, we had driven out next morning to these ruins. The country through which we drove had been the ordinary Rajputana country: flat, or nearly so, dry, rocky. Then we had come to a spiky, spiny, roach-back hillock, over which the dead town sprawled, half buried in its own dust, half lost in the sunshine.

I had been watching Robbins' big boots all the way, so I was in a bad temper. Apart from other causes, however, I had some excuse for threatening to kill the guide. For the Hall of Audience, to which we had just climbed, was, briefly, one of those places which make some of us nineteenth-century folk remember the warning given long ago to an eager reformer, to take the shoes from off his feet, since the ground whereon he stood had already been made holy by other hands than his. Yet it was plain almost to bareness, devoid utterly of any of that ornamentation, telling of human hopes and fears, likings, dislikings, and ideals, which men all over the world strive wistfully, hopelessly, to make permanent by carving them in stone. But it was a miracle of light and shade, with its triple ranks of square stone columns—rose-colour in the sunshine about their feet, blood red in the gloom of arches about their



heads—standing like sentinels round a Holy of Holies, which was roofed only by the open sky, and floored, level to the marble pavement surrounding the still pool, with clear cool water. And through the outer arches on all sides showed that indefinite glare and dust and haze—faintly yellow, faintly purple—that burden and heat of the Eastern day in which millions are born and toil and die, which seems to swallow up the real India and hide so much of it from Western eyes.

I had just got so far in my appreciation of the undefinable charm of the place, when Robbins returned to stand beside me, and look down on the brimming water.

"Curious!" he said, "at the top of a hill like this. I wonder what's the reason of it?"

"Those of uncultivated mind, Sirs," replied new India promptly, "hold it by reason of grace of God. We, who through merciful master's aid, have acquired hydraulics, prefer system of secret syphons, though the latter belief is optional."

"If that man remains here," I remarked aside to Robbins, "I refuse to be held responsible for my actions. Take him away and see the rest of the ruins. I am going to stop here—this is enough for me."

They went off together, the guide babbling of modern equity. The last words I heard were a quotation: "Boots not to say, O Justice! what asperities have not been committed in thy name?"

Perhaps. No doubt dreadful things had been done, even in this Hall of Audience, though it lay very still now—very silent in the sunshine.

I sat down on the base of a sentinel column, and looked at the sky, mirrored at my feet, wondering what other things the water had seen.

So by degrees the question seemed to clamour at me: What had been done there? What was it? What gave the place its charm for me? For it had a charm—an infinite charm.

I gave an impatient shrug of my shoulders at the sound of footsteps. Robbins need not surely watch me as if he feared I might commit suicide; though the water certainly looked inviting. But it was not Robbins. It was an old man with a shaven head, and a very clean saffron cloth about him, coming through the pillared ranks with a brass *poojah* basket like a big cruet—stand in his hand. My mind misgave me instantly. He was far too clean for a real ascetic, and there was a bogus air about him as of one expecting the alms of tourists. In addition, he came straight towards me, and squatting down by the edge of the water, within reach absolutely of my contaminating shadow, began to mutter prayers.

I rose disgusted; but my first movement showed me I was, at any rate, partly mistaken, for he turned his head, startled at the sound. Then I saw that he could not have known I was there, for he was blind. I saw also that the basket which he had set down contained nothing but the star-like flowers of the wild jasmine.

"Who are you going to *poojah* (worship)?" I asked instantly, for I was a connoisseur in ceremonies, having spent years of study over the ancient cults of India.

He stood up instantly, and salaamed, recognising the accent of the master. "No one, *Huzoor*," he replied. "I am only going to make Mother Atma her crown."

"Atma?" I replied. "Who was she?"

A half-puzzled, half-cunning look came to his face. "It is a long story, *Huzoor*, but if the Cherisher of the Poor will give his slave a rupee—"

Returning to my first impression of him, I was about to move away, when he added plaintively, "I tell it better than the baboo, *Huzoor*, but now he comes with the *sahibs*, my stomach is often empty. May God silence his tongue!"

The desire pleased me. It matched my own. And as I paused, I noticed that the old man, who had squatted down again, had begun to thread the jasmine flowers on some link, which was invisible from where I stood.

"What are you using to thread the flowers?" I asked, curiously.

"A woman's hair, *Huzoor*. It is always the hair of a

woman who has died, but whose child has lived, that is used for Mai Atma's crown. Shall I tell the story, *Huzoor*?"

"Was she beautiful?" I asked irrelevantly; why I know not.

"I do not know, *Huzoor*," he replied. "Am I not blind?"

The answer struck me as irrelevant also, but I went on idly; feeling, in truth, but small interest in what I was convinced must be some hackneyed tale that I had heard a hundred times before; since I was given to the hearing of tales.

"Is it about this place?" I asked.

He shook his head again. "I do not know, *Huzoor*. It is about Mai Atma. Shall I tell the story?"

"You seem to know very little about the story, I must say. How do you know it is about Atma?"

He smiled broadly. "It is about Mai Atma, sure enough. The *Huzoor* will see that if he lets me tell the tale."

I clinked a rupee down among the jasmine flowers, and bid him fire away and be quick about it.

He began instantly, plunging without any preface into a curiously rhythmed chant, the very first line of which gave pathetic answer to my irrelevant question, and at the

long months to give her life ere following the King). O Atma Mâta, strike thy servant blind, he and his sons for ever, lest they find thy face within the crown their fingers bind. Hark! How her voice comes echoing through the hall, "Who hath a claim to-day 'gainst me or mine?" (There was a dainty jewel at her breast kept time in sparkles to her lightest word.) "Who hath a claim?"—her small face so wise! O Atma Mâta! strike thy servant blind, he and his sons for ever!

See! how her soft feet kiss the marble floor! Atma, the girl-queen, dancing to herself close to the pool, the jasmine in her hair falling to fit the rhythm of her feet and scent their warm life with the scent of death, or sail away upon the waters' breast like mirrored stars. Oh, bind from them a crown, a crown for Atma Mâta, who is kind; for Atma, who hath struck her servant blind!

Hark! How her voice comes whispering in my ear: "I see naught but my own face in the deep; no other face but this—my face alone. And there are always stars about my head, or else the sun. Read me the riddle quick." (There was a tremor in her perfumed hair which matched the tremor in her perfumed breath.) "Atma is Queen," I said, "the stars, the sun, weave crowns as I do. Wear them, O my Queen."

O Atma Mâta, rightly am I blind.

Blind was I then in heart, soul, and mind.

Hark! How her voice comes echoing through the hall! (The cold blue stones about her slender waist clipped all her purple robe to long, straight folds.) "Go, tell your masters, Atma needs no King. She is the Queen, her son shall be the King, and not the son to Kings of other lands. So, if they seek for beauty, seek not mine; it is not mine to give—it is my son's."

O Atma Mâta, strike thy servant blind!

He and his sons for ever, lest they find

Thy face within the crown their fingers bind.

See how her slim hand grips the marble throne! See how her firm feet grip the marble step! Hark how her voice rings clear with angry scorn! (There was a loose gold circlet on her wrist slid to soft resting as she raised her arm.) "Oh, shame to brawl like dogs about a bone! Cowards to kill because a woman's fair! Can they not take the promise of a Queen? Go, bid your masters breed fair sons in peace! Atma will choose a father for her King—she needs no lover." O Atma Mâta, strike thy servant dead!

Hush! (just a whisper on the water's edge, a faint glow from the sacred censor's fire). "What dost thou see, my friend, down in the deep within the circle of the sacred flowers?" (The incense cloud rose white upon the dark and hid us from each other; hid all things save water and our hands—her hands in mine—clasped in the clear, cold water.) "Naught, my Queen! Naught but thy face—thy face—beside my own." (Cold was the water, cold her little

hand, cold was her voice.) "Nay, more than that," she said, "Thou dost forget the stars above my head."

O Atma Mâta, strike thy servant blind,

For being blind in heart, and soul, and mind.

Hark! How her voice goes echoing through the Hall: "Go, bid your masters sheathe their swords at once, nor spill men's blood because a woman's fair. Lo! I have chosen, I will wed with none, but since God sends the children to the world and asks no questions how they come, or why, I will take Him as father to my King. The law allows adoption; be it so. From out God's children I have bought a son—to be your King and mine. Lo! here he stands!" (Her arm about the sturdy dimpled limbs drew the child closer to the cold blue stones, clipping her purple robe to long, straight folds.) "Some woman bore him—fair and strong and bold! Bore him by God's decree to be a son. That is enough for me, who am your Queen. Go, tell the brawlers, Atma hath her King." (So stooping, whispered softly to the boy, who straightway lisped to order, parrot-wise.) "Who hath a claim to-day 'gainst me or mine? Who hath a claim?" And as of old came answer, "None, O King." None, said they all, and so I held my tongue.

O Atma Mâta, shall I never find

Thy kind, wise face? Oh! wherefore am I blind?

Hark! How her voice breaks in upon the child's: "A claim at last! So they, these Kings, have dared to kill my people—nay! not mine, my son's! Have they no shame, no pity for the poor?" The gold hem round her robe's straight virgin folds coiled like a snake asleep upon the floor; the sparkling jewel fastened on her breast shone bright and steady as a distant star; there was no tremor in her perfumed hair, there



It was an old man with a shaven head, and a very clean saffron cloth about him, coming through the pillared ranks.

same time showed the cause of the old man's ignorance. It ran thus—

"O world which she has left, forget not that she was beautiful."

Vain appeal when made in the oldest known form of Arya-Pali, the dialect in which the edicts of Asoka are carved, and of which not one man in ten million, even in India, knows the very existence.

I happened to be one of the few, and though at the time I could naturally only gather the general outline of the chant, I subsequently took it down word for word from the old man's lips. Some passages still remain obscure; there are yawning gaps in the narrative, but taking it all in all, it is a singularly clear bit of tradition, preserved, as it were, by the complete ignorance of those who passed the unknown words from lip to lip. Roughly translated it runs thus—

O world she left, forget not she was fair; so very fair. Her small kind face so kind. Straight to the eyes it looked, then smiled or frowned. About her slender throat were gold-blue stones. Gold at her wrists, the gold hem of her gown slid like a snake along the marble floor, coiled like a snake upon the water's edge. By night she asked the stars, by day the sun, what they would have her do.

I was her servant sitting at her door,

Watching her small feet kiss the marble floor,

Reading the water-mirror's heaven-learned lore.

O world she left, remember she was Queen! For Atma ruled a Queen ere she was born (her widowed mother waiting nine



was no quiver in her perfumed breath; the cold blue stones about her throat and waist, the loose gold circlet on her slender wrist, the jasmine blossom chaplet in her hair; looked as though carved in stone, so still she stood before the dead man on the marble floor. His red blood crept in curves to find her feet and clasp them in a claim for vengeance due; while those around cried, "Justice from the King," until she smiled, her small kind face so wise, and her clear voice came echoing through the Hall. "Vengeance is mine," she said, "and not the King's. Send forth no army, spill no blood for me. Search not the water-mirror for a sign. I know the answer of the sun and stars. So send our heralds out, and bid these Kings come as Kings should, and not as murderers, to plead their cause before the King, my son. Come with all state as to a wedding feast; come with all hope as bridegrooms to the bride. My son shall choose my lover, so prepare all things in order, music, feasting, flowers."—(So turned to where I stood and said aside, "Forget not thou to make a jasmine crown.")

O! Atma Mâta, wherefore was I blind?

Did I not know how wise thou wert, how kind?

How cold thy hand, how warm the heart behind?

Fair, strong, and bold, he stood, the little King. The noonday sun above the child's bare head scarce cast a shadow on his small bare feet standing so straight beside the water's edge, where, half-afoot upon the clear, still depths, a small round raft of jasmine blossoms lay ready to give the augury. (So heaped, so piled with little scented stars that I, her servant, with the crown she had bespoke, stood wondering what need there was of it.) And round about the mirror-pool in rank, sat Atma's lovers waiting the decree, till suddenly the baby raised his hand. (There was a loose gold circlet on his wrist which smote him on the breast as it fell back, making him wince, so all too large it was. But the child bit his lips and took no heed, knowing his kingly part right royally.) So parrot-wise, he lisped the ordered words: "My mother Atma hath no need for love, since she hath mine. She hath no need, my lords, for you as lovers, but she sends by me, as sister sends her brothers, that which sure should heal the strife and make you brothers too."

So at the last he stooped, and with a push sent the flower raft afloat upon the pool, dipping and dancing on the waves it made, so that the loose white blossoms of the pile floated to drift like stars upon the depths, leaving what lay beneath them clear and cold.

O Atma Mâta! why was I not blind?

Thy face, thy face was there in flowers enshrined;

Thy cold dead face with cold dead flowers entwined.

Ah! world she left, forget not she was fair; So very fair—the jasmine in her hair And round her kind, wise face; about her throat the cold blue stones, and for her queenly crown

The sunlight in the water—

O Atma Mâta, strike thy servant blind!

He and his sons for ever, lest they find Thy face within the wreath their fingers bind!

The old man's song ceased, but he went on without a pause.

"The *Huzoor* will hear that it is all about Atma. Her name is there always."

He had finished stringing the flowers also, and now with a deft hand set the fragile garland—strung like a daisy chain upon a dead woman's hair and then tied to a circle—afloat upon the water, where it drifted idly, each flower separate and keeping its appointed place.

A crown of scented stars!

I roused myself to answer. "Undoubtedly, it is all about Atma, but you have not told me why you weave the crown?"

"It is always woven, *Huzoor*," he replied. "Our family belongs to the place, and as one son is always blind, he stays at home—since he cannot earn money at other trades, *Huzoor*—and makes Mai Atma's crown, as his fathers did."

"One son is always blind?" I echoed curiously.

"Always, *Huzoor*. It is ever so. One is blind in each generation, so he makes Mai Atma's crown."

"He and his sons for ever!"—a strange coincidence truly!

"Then no one has ever seen her face 'within the wreath their fingers twine'?" I asked, quoting the words involuntarily, and forgetting that he could not understand them. He answered the first part of the sentence.

"How could that be, *Huzoor*, seeing we are always blind?"

"True; but if one was not blind?—My thought was interrupted by Robbins's voice from behind.

"Hope you haven't found it long, old chap; but the baboo really knows a lot about Asoka. Fine old beggar he must have been. And then he has got a chant about

some female called Atma, who had a lot of lovers, don't you know—"

Robbins pulled himself up hastily, and to cover his confusion protested that it was just the sort of unintelligible gibberish which interested me, and thereupon bade the baboo give me a specimen. Before I could stop him the brute had got well into the first line; but even in my wrath I was relieved to find that it was indeed absolutely unintelligible. New India evidently did not understand the old. I came to this conclusion before I got my fingers as gently as I could inside his rainbow-hued comforter and choked him off.

"I can't help it, Robbins," I said, as I tendered the baboo five rupees as hush-money. "If you knew all you would excuse me."

Robbins gave me one of his most sympathetic looks, and said he quite understood. Did he?—did I? I asked myself that question over and over again, until in the dead of the night I could ask it no longer. The desire for an answer grew too strong.



"I see naught but my own face in the deep; no other face but this—my face alone."

It was still night when I stood once more beside the water's edge. The moon had paled the red ranks of the sentinel pillars. The dust and heat and burden of the day were gone. All things were clear and flooded with cool, quiet, passionless light. And on the water lay the crown of starry flowers. It had drifted close to the edge, at the further end of the pool, beside a square projection in the marble floor whence you could look clear into the depths.

No doubt, I told myself, the place of divination mentioned in the song. I went over to it, moved by an irresistible impulse, and kneeling down, thrust my hand into the cool water.

Was it fancy, or did I feel a cold, soft hand in mine? Was it a passing dizziness, or did a white and scented vapour close around me like a cloud, hiding all things save the water framed in that crown of jasmine?

Atma! Mai Atma!

There was no need, so far as I am concerned, for the appeal "Forget not she was beautiful."

I have never forgotten it, though it is years since I saw, or fancied I saw, her face in the water.

But I have forgotten other things. Indeed, I forgot them so speedily that I saw poor old Robbins was quite puzzled and hurt in his feelings. So before my wedding

tour came to an end, I thought it kinder to give him something definite as an excuse for my cheerfulness. I told him, therefore, that I had fallen in love with someone else.

He gave a low whistle, said "By Jove;" then added heartily, "Upon my soul, old chap, I believe it's the wisest thing you can do."

Perhaps it was. But I am not yet married. I am waiting for a woman who does not want a lover.

THE END.

#### ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Gore has replied to Professor Armitage Robinson's criticism of his animadversions on Dr. Hort's work "The Christian Ecclesia." Canon Gore says: "I think we have had too much of sparing to criticise our great men, both at Oxford and Cambridge. It would have been a good deal better for the Oxford movement and for the Church at large if Dr. Pusey, for all his intellectual and moral greatness, had been more severely criticised by his followers. . . . Some time ago a great deal of pain—but not, I believe, unnecessary pain—was caused to Oxford leaders by what was, in effect, a criticism of the Tractarian attitude towards Biblical criticism in order to vindicate freedom in this department." It will be remembered that Canon Liddon preached his last sermon at Oxford on the attempted refutation of Canon Gore's views on the Higher Criticism.

A new volume of sermons by Canon Liddon will be published immediately. The title is "Sermons and Some Words of St. Paul." The original title of Canon Liddon's first volume of sermons was "Some Words for God." It was withdrawn in deference to criticism.

Canon Henry Percy Smith, a former curate of Charles Kingsley's at Eversley, died lately. He was for twelve years chaplain at Cannes, where, of course, he was well known. The influence of Kingsley over his mind was very great. On one occasion, it is said, when the two were pacing the rectory garden with a friend, Kingsley said suddenly: "I have always thought that the serpent in Genesis meant a serpent-worshipping black tribe." Now to those who knew Kingsley well, it was obvious that the words "I have always thought" meant that at that moment the idea had flashed into his mind for the first time. "But," said Smith, "what do you make of the words 'Upon thy belly shalt thou go'?" "Oh," said Kingsley, "snakes don't eat dirt; niggers do." And so the conversation ended, Kingsley thinking that he had made, and the curate that he had received, a brilliant criticism.

Dr. Barnardo is an authorised lay reader in the diocese of St. Albans.

The Vicar of Portsea, the Rev. C. G. Lang, in an annual report to his parishioners, says that the income of his benefice is on an average about £1000 a year. He has to provide out of this £860 for assistant clergy. The result is that £140 is left for him to live and meet the claims of his position and the maintenance of house and ground. No wonder Mr. Lang should often grimly

smile at the popular conception of the Vicar of Portsea as the owner of a fat living of £1000 a year.

A great Church extension movement has been commenced at Bristol under the auspices of the new Bishop. The Bishop thinks that there is a great want of more buildings, but even a greater want of workers. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that the work is not to be regarded as aggressive against any other denomination. The movement would be aggressive against vice and ignorance and everything which, as Bristol people, they were not prepared to sit under, but not aggressive as against any other Christian denomination whatever.

Strong feeling is still being shown among Nonconformists at the Liberal daily Press. The *Leeds Mercury* has endeavoured to reply to the charges made at the Free Church Council. To this Mr. Price Hughes retorts: "There was a time when the *Leeds Mercury* was the serious, trusted, and influential representative of the great Nonconformity of Yorkshire." With what glee its successful rival, the *Yorkshire Post*, must have read this insolent attack upon men who voiced the unanimous sentiment of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches!—V.





THE CHINESE QUESTION.—KIAO-CHAU, GERMANY'S NEWLY ACQUIRED STATION: VIEW OF THE BAY FROM THE STEAM-SHIP "SWATOW."

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

The actual town of Kiao-Chau is some distance inland, but the Germans are now busily engaged on building operations in the village of Tsingtan, on the coast of Kiao-Chau Bay, with the object of enlarging it into a strong naval station.



THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FROM ACCRA TO THE GOLD COAST HINTERLAND: PALAVER WITH AMRAHIA.

The white figures are Amrahia and his chiefs returning from council held during palaver.

Photo Lieutenant Henderson.



THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FROM ACCRA TO THE GOLD COAST HINTERLAND.

*From Photographs by Lieutenant F. Henderson, D.S.O., in Command of the Mission.*



THE FORT NOW BEING BUILT AT KUMASI.  
*The high square block near the centre of the photo will be the British Residency.*



HUTS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BUALÉ RUINED BY SAMORY'S RAIDERS.  
*View taken from Lieutenant Henderson's camp. The main part of the town is the other side of a river.*



RETURNING HOME AFTER PALAVER—AMRAHIA'S CAMP.



MOSQUE AT WA RUINED BY THE RAIDING CHIEF BARBATU.



CARRIERS WAITING ON THE BANK OF THE VOLTA.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- South Africa of To-day.* By Colonel Francis E. Younghusband, C.I.E. (Macmillan and Co.)
- Nature and Sport in South Africa.* By H. Anderson Bryden. (Chapman and Hall.)
- England through Chinese Spectacles.* By Wo-Chang. (The Cotton Press.)
- The Old Santa Fé Trail: the Story of a Great Highway.* By Colonel Henry Inman. (Macmillan and Co.)
- The Life of Napoleon the Third.* By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. With thirty-seven illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.)
- Earle's Microcosmography.* Edited by Alfred S. West. (Pitt Press Series, Cambridge University.)
- The Outlaws of the Marches.* By Lord Ernest Hamilton. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- Miriam Rozella.* By B. L. Farjeon. (F. V. White and Co.)

After winning his spurs as a traveller on the edge of the "roof of the world," and his laurels as a soldier in the famous relief of Chitral, Colonel Younghusband accepted the less exciting duties of special correspondent of the *Times* in South Africa. His qualifications for the post included absolute ignorance of the geography and political conditions of the country, whereby he brought an open mind to the survey both of plateaux and parties. He arrived at Johannesburg on the eve of the crisis preceding Dr. Jameson's raid, to the fatuousness and evil fruits of which he adds his testimony. He has written a very serviceable book, both for intending settlers who desire unbiased reports on the mineral resources of the Transvaal, and for statesmen at home who may be out of focus with the complex nature of racial problems whose solution diplomacy should be able to effect.

Sportsmen and those interested in South Africa (and who in these days is not?) will welcome Mr. H. Anderson Bryden's pleasant and informing work, "Nature and Sport in South Africa." The author first deals with the pelican of the wilderness, and discusses in no dry-as-dust spirit the ancient legends concerning this bird. His description of a great flight of pelicans against the sunset sky is beautiful without incurring the reproach of so-called "fine" writing. Towards the close of the work Mr. Bryden laments the "Decadence of Great Game in South Africa," and compares the present condition of things with that of fifty years ago. He criticises the ineffectual game laws, and discusses a recent proposal to form a great park for preservation of the rarer species of African mammalia, especially the larger antelopes. Of this Mr. Bryden does not quite despair, but the vital question of Government support as yet remains a question. This he will not discuss, but rightly assumes the sympathy of all true lovers of nature and animal life. As many of our rulers are among the number, the writer, perhaps, has good hope of more than the proverbial indefinite "something" being done.

Mr. Wo-Chang, who sees "England through Chinese Spectacles," is not only accomplished in the philosophies of his own country, but he is a master of English thought and of idiomatic English prose. Twenty years of tea-dealing in London have made him a pleasantly cynical Englishman, if, indeed, he required making. For the Celestial origin of friend Wo-Chang, despite the crafty simplicity of an occasional observation, is hard to credit. Somehow his Confucius and Mang-Chofan smell of the lamp, while his knowledge of our country suggests one to the manner born. No matter; in any case, he looks through his Chinese spectacles with discerning, if not with Chinese eyes, and his observations are all the more piquant for the real or affected Celestial obliquity. He treats our family life, education, Society (with a big S), and all our institutions with caustic and entertaining comment. His "Backsheesh in England," "London Stock Exchange," and "Breach of Promise" chapters are admirable satire, but for crisp and pungent banter his "Liars in England" is of true Anglo-Celestial cunning. Mr. Wo-Chang ought to favour us again. He must not bury himself once more in his tea-chests. So informing is he, that one is tempted to address him in the time-worn Latin pun—*tu doces*, "thou tea-chest!"

The story which Colonel Inman has to tell takes us back to the years when we revelled in Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" and "The Prairie." Appropriately dedicated to "Buffalo Bill," who did his share of the work of opening up the Far West, it narrates what struggle raged for years between Indian and white ere the way was cleared for the first locomotive to enter Santa Fé. Broadly described, the old trail ran from Topeka through Kansas and Colorado to the capital of New Mexico, and was contested inch by inch by braves whom invasion and many an act of wanton oppression and bad faith aroused to bloody reprisals. Most of the daredevils who hewed and tracked their way from St. Louis to the Pacific died in their boots, and Colonel Inman's pages are full of thrilling tales of the noted leaders whose graves dot the plains across which palace-cars now convey their luxurious freights. The story of the career of one Maxwell, whose style of entertainment on his vast ranch recalls the lavish, free-handed hospitality of a feudal baron, has enough of incident and vicissitude to make the fortune of half-a-dozen romances, while the claims of Colonel Cody to the title of "a mighty hunter" are proven in his "bag" of five thousand buffaloes in two years for supply to the larder of the railway navvies. The illustrations reach the usual high standard of American books.

Hitherto the standard English authority on the life and astonishing career of "Napoleon the Little," as Victor Hugo called him, has been Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who in five prolix tomes penned for us a somewhat indiscriminating eulogy on the "Man of Destiny." But now Mr. Jerrold has been improved upon, both in point of brevity and judgment, by Mr. Archibald Forbes, who, in one very readable yet not wholly satisfactory volume of 350 pages, has compressed all that English readers will care to know and remember about the mock hero of Strasburg and Boulogne and the victim of Sedan. His, certainly, was a most extraordinary career from his cradle to his grave, a career that was marked by more vicissitudes of fortune than befel almost any personage of the

century, and one, we think, which must have had a very special fascination for a man like Lord Beaconsfield, in whose composition there was a good deal of the same romantic and adventurous stuff as made up the curiously composite character of Louis Napoleon. The French people in their time have allowed themselves to be strangely led by the nose by some of their rulers, or, at least, their masters, but never more so than by the reputed nephew of their great Corsican Emperor, whose bloody and criminal *Coup d'Etat* was formally approved by more than seven-eighths of the population. Crime and illegality indeed, in one form or another, were at the bottom of most of his policy, and perhaps there might never have been a Crimean War had the Czar Nicholas shown more readiness to recognise the upstart Emperor of the French. All that was wanted, said this parvenu potentate once, to make the French people pliable enough to his purposes, was "to give them a war every four years"; and to this policy of throwing sops to Cerberus he faithfully adhered—commencing with the Crimea, proceeding then to his quarrel with Austria on behalf of Italy, after that diverting public attention from domestic difficulties by embarking on his ill-starred Mexican expedition, and finally making a desperate yet still more disastrous effort to restore an appearance of luminosity to his waning star by plunging his country into a war with Germany, a war of which it is only fair to say, and as Mr. Forbes himself is just enough to point out, that one of its chief contributing causes was the Empress Eugénie herself.

As is but natural, Mr. Forbes is by far at his best when describing the campaigns of the "Man of Destiny," especially his war with Germany; but we cannot honestly say that he has quite done justice to his own reputation as a writer in the earlier parts of his volume when dealing with the purely political and personal aspects of his subject's career. His are soldierly shoulders, on which the title of "LL.D.," which he has used on this occasion, does not very appropriately sit. The dust of history seems to stifle his spirit and impede the free swing of his pen. It is only when the dust of war is whirling about his head that he appears to acquire the full use of his fine descriptive powers. Nothing could be neater, in its way, than his account of the Italian campaign which ended at Solferino; nothing could be more vivid and interesting than his glowing personal narrative of the course of the catastrophe which commenced at Ems and was completed at Sedan. His picture of the *débâcle* of Sept. 1 has this advantage over its description by Zola, that, while very much more accurate, it is equally vivid in all its details, and one cannot help being filled with the utmost pity for Napoleon as presented to us by an English eye-witness during the few last days of his stay in the land whose interests he had so dreadfully betrayed by sacrificing them to his own personal ambition and necessities. No wonder that the poor prisoners at Sedan broke out into that bitter cry which has never failed the French in moments of disaster—"Nous sommes trahis! We are betrayed!" Alas! how often in the course of their history have they been similarly sold, in their own imagination, at least! Undoubtedly the best portion of Mr. Forbes's volume is his description of the *débâcle* at Sedan, where the personality of his serio-comic hero comes out in the clearest outline, though we miss the same sharp, well-defined characterisation in other parts of the book. But it is all very interesting, and positively valuable as well when Mr. Forbes treats of that section of the "Man of Destiny's" career of which he himself was a close and acute observer.

Mr. West has done good service in reprinting John Earle's quaint essays, which were first published in 1628 by Edward Blount, the friend of Marlowe. Earle was born at York in 1600, and died at Oxford sixty-five years later. "Microcosmography, or, A Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters," is a delightful bit of work, written with quaint wisdom and a sense of gentle humour. For instance, he describes a child as "a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copy of Adam before hee tasted of Eve or the Apple. He is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse." A young man is but a "Shippe without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may steere him. If he scape this age, hee has scap't a Tempest, and may live to be a Man." Mr. West has written an instructive preface and added very useful notes.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's stirring story of the sixteenth century, "The Outlaws of the Marches," reminds you in two ways of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper," since its subject is savage Scotch feuds and fights and—

Old unhappy far-off things  
And battles along ago,

while its dialogue is so fearfully Scotch that you echo irritably the poet's appeal, "Will no one tell me what he sings?" Here is an average specimen: "Gae you down and pu' Jock's Archie by the sleeve; I'm tauld he'd be name the waur o't, and sma' wonder. It'll be lang days ere ony lad speirs your price, ma woman. Men dinna wed wi' cow-clynks." "Hout! you auld sharnie, you're awa' in the head, surely. Gae you round to the byre and see till the kye. The byre's the place for flea-luggit auld clushts, and no' the winning-house." "Weel, maybe you're richt, mistress. It's sooth I'm but an auld clusht, but 'twad be a daidling kind of a clusht that didna ken a quey when she saw yin." No doubt there is, as there had need to be, a glossary more voluminous than would be required for all Scott's novels appended, but you grudge to give to the wrangle of two old fishwomen—even though Scotch—as hard dictionary work as would take you through a chorus of the "Agamemnon." On the other hand, the English of this stirring novel is as spirited as its theme.

In "Miriam Rozella," Mr. Farjeon presents us with a modern Clarissa Harlowe, who undergoes as many and as sore trials as her prototype, and comes as purely but more happily out of the crucible. Mr. Farjeon's imagination, like Hamlet's, was as "foul as Vulcan's stithy" when he created such monsters as Lord Laverock, Mr. Randolph, and Crewe-Stephen, while Miriam also is rather a melodramatic conception, and has the limelight for ever playing

upon her superhuman trials and triumphs. No heroine ever underwent more varied and venomous persecutions, or withstood them with finer fortitude, or overcame them with nobler courage or greater success. The reader follows every step of her *via dolorosa* with eager interest and entire conviction until he is asked to believe in the sudden and complete conversion of Lovelace. He would have preferred to see the curtain fall on the union of the heroine with the chivalrous Dr. Stephen than upon her union with a man whose record was so black as that of Mr. Randolph.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Mrs. Hinkson, who is perhaps better known as Katharine Tynan, is shortly to publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new volume of lyrics treating of nature and country life. Many of Mrs. Hinkson's recent poems have appeared anonymously in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

It will be good news to many admirers of Coleridge that a new edition of his "Biographia Literaria" is being prepared by a well-known man of letters. The edition now in general use—that in Bohn's Library—has no editorial value, and I have long wondered which of our enterprising publishers would reissue the only good edition—that edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge and prepared for publication by Sara, his widow. This delightful book, in two volumes, was published by William Pickering in 1847, so that it is out of copyright next year. My copy of the book bears the autograph of Sara Coleridge, and was a presentation copy to John Kenyon, to whom, it will be remembered, Mrs. Browning dedicated "Aurora Leigh."

The last issue of the *Academy* contains a very fine poem by Mr. Francis Thompson, "To England." The *Academy*, by the way, has much improved of late. In the same issue it provides a well-arranged supplement of "spring announcements," in which the titles of forthcoming books are printed in much better type and allotted much more space than is usually assigned to publishers' announcements. I am afraid that these well-printed lists only serve to emphasise the dearth of great books to-day. I miss, by the way, in the *Academy*, the signatures of well-known critics, whose names carry weight in relation to particular subjects. I am glad in this connection to note that the current issue of the *Athenæum* contains a most valuable article upon Lanciani's recent work on Ancient Rome, signed by Luigi Borsari. I hope that this implies that the *Athenæum* proposes to adopt signatures in future for the articles of specialists.

The news that a tenth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will commence in the year 1901 gives pause to those who are old enough to remember the issue of the ninth edition, with its magnificent articles by Freeman, by Gardiner, by Huxley, and by a long list of other distinguished writers. Those of us who subscribed for the ninth edition are old fogies enough to think that it will be wellnigh impossible, even three years hence, to do more than bring the articles of the previous issue up to date. Where are the men, we are disposed to ask, who are to succeed Huxley and Tyndall and their contemporaries in the compilation of a new edition? But that is to ignore the fact that we have, after all, still with us a younger generation of scholars, although none of them have got the vitality of style and the pertinacity of debating power which pertained to their predecessors.

I find a delightful little Scott anecdote in an unexpected quarter—that is to say, in the Earl of Camperdown's biography of his great predecessor, Admiral Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. It would seem that Sir Walter Scott was asked for a ballad to celebrate the victory of Camperdown. The ballad in question was to be set to music and to be sung at a banquet given in honour of the occasion. Sir Walter Scott's verses—he was not then Sir Walter—were handed round, in a company which included Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Pitt, Lord Mornington, and Lord Morpeth. After discussing the merit of Scott's manuscript poem it was agreed that several of the party should write ballads on the Battle of Camperdown. The Earl of Mornington's verses gave such general satisfaction to the company that they were preferred to those by Scott, were set to music, and sung at the dinner. I wonder whether this little addition to the history of "rejected addresses" has ever been in print before. In any case it is interesting to think of Scott being beaten as a poet by the father of the Iron Duke!

There is no point on which the perfervid young Scot of to-day is more sensitive than that of being called a "Scotchman," or anything else associated with his country, other than whisky, being called "Scotch." He prefers "Scots" and "Scotsmen," as a rule; while we English, with an equal stubbornness, insist, in our own newspapers at least, upon using the form less agreeable to him. We argue that what was good enough for Sir Walter Scott is good enough for us: that throughout the whole of his novels Sir Walter constantly uses the word "Scotch" and "Scotchmen." To that we are answered that "Scots" and "Scotsmen" were used long before Sir Walter Scott wrote, and that even in England the phrase has become acclimatised in many popular forms, as, for example, with the Scots Greys and the Scots Guards, who would resent being called "Scotch Greys" and "Scotch Guards." I am reminded of this little storm in a teacup by turning to Mr. William Archer's "Theatrical 'World' of 1897," which contains an introduction by Mr. Sydney Grundy. Mr. Grundy, writing of a railway journey with Mr. Archer, remarks, "Opposite to me is a young Scotchman—'Scotsman' he calls himself; but I, possessing no literary style, call him a Scotchman, because, though it may be very bad Scots, it is excellent English." To this sentence Mr. Archer has a note, in which he ejaculates, "No, never! *Scotsman*, except as the name of a newspaper, I take to be a mere affectation"—which will make some of Mr. Archer's brother Scots more rabid than ever. I am not sure that they will not attempt to dethrone him from his position as one of our most distinguished critics. Mr. Henley is an Englishman who has given way to the "affectation," but then so much the worse for Mr. Henley. C. K. S.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE OXFORD CREW.

From Photographs by Hills and Saunders.





THE FIRST TIME.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.





TO THE RESCUE.

*Drawn by C. J. De Lacy.*



## ART NOTES.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours would occupy a stronger position in the art world if its managers could display a little more severity in the exercise of their hospitality. The three large rooms need not necessarily be filled to overflowing, nor is it to the advantage of meritorious artists to have their works smothered by uninteresting but pretentious pictures. As a rule, the landscapes are the most attractive feature of this exhibition, and this year Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Frank Walton, Mr. Nisbet and Mr. Arthur Severn, and, above all, Mr. Aumonier and Mr. Peppercorn, sustain the reputation of the Institute, while a special word must be added in favour of Mr. Alfred Parsons' bright reminiscence of a Savoy garden. Among the outsiders, Miss Rosa Douglas, Mr. G. E. Smith, and Mr. Fred Mercer claim special notice by their careful and intelligent work. Mr. Fulleylove is better when dealing with the Gothic beauties of Brussels, old and new, than in his efforts to do justice to the ruins round Athens; but Miss Ida Buck has caught with rare accuracy the tone and feeling of the Bargello of Florence. Amongst the older members, whose work, if not strikingly novel, is generally attractive, Mr. Woodon, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. F. G. Cotman, and Mr. David Green deserve to be mentioned; and Mr. Edwin Hayes, in his breezy sea-pieces, sustains his oft-repeated successes.

Among the figure-subjects, the first place, in point of originality of conception at least, belongs to Mr. John Gulich's "Violin Concerto," representing an orchestra carried away by the power of the lady violinist, who occupies the centre of the picture. The idea of conveying movement in a body of performers is a bold one, but Mr. Gulich has not shrunk from the difficulties presented; and it is only fair to say that if he has not conquered them altogether, he has done enough to merit praise. Beside a work so full of life and reality, the majority of the anecdotal pictures with which the walls are crowded seem very artificial and hackneyed. Hans von Bartels' "Waiting for the Fishing-Boats" is one of those studies of Dutch women and children with which we are familiar through artists who have more sentiment than the present painter. Mr. H. J. Stock contributes an elaborately finished portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim, as she appeared at the Devonshire House Ball; and Mr. H. M. Rheim sends the full-length portrait of a young girl in a "double shot" blue and gold dress, which is a marvel of clever painting. Mr. Douglas Almond's rendering of Camille Desmoulins, either in face or dress, is hardly in accordance with tradition, but at least it will not raise such a protest as the broad, meaningless face assigned to Nelson by Mr. E. Bundy. Mr. Mortimer Menpes has taken up a new line—at least, in the way of size—in his portrait of "Maud,"

reading by the light of the fire; and Mr. Hans Hansen manages to produce in his "Fandango Dancer," though in broader touches, a brilliant effect, which Mr. Menpes himself would with difficulty surpass.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers seems to think that it has a mission, or a message, which cannot be delivered by the graver alone, but needs the pen to enforce it. The "explanatory note" to the catalogue of this year's exhibition sounds more like the scream of a shrewish scold than the utterance of a learned and artistic body, and what it means or at whom it is directed is veiled

"Long Parish"—that he can reproduce his own impressions with a touch of poetry. Miss C. M. Pott, whose work as an etcher has before been noticed, now shows that as an aquatintist she has no less delicacy of touch than simplicity of line. Mr. John Finnie prefers pure mezzotint, and as a landscapist is often quite excellent. Among the etchers of figure-subjects the first place may be fairly divided between Mr. C. Holroyd and Mr. William Strang, both of whom cling to the style which Professor Legros popularised in this country. The work of the former is rendered all the more effective by his use of simple and completed lines—a method also used, but in a very different spirit,

by that accomplished etcher of the female figure, or, rather, of *la Parisienne*, M. P. Hellen. Among other contributors whose work deserves notice are Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. H. Dicksee, Mr. F. S. Walker, and the unequal and interesting Mr. Axel Haig.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer who comes forward with two millions and a half to spend on the embellishment of the Metropolis stands alone among the holders of that office during the present century. Whether or not the millions become apples of discord, time will show. At present, we can only infer that Mr. Aston Webb's costly design for the completion of the South Kensington Museum is to be carried out. Before this is settled, however, it would be well to know whether the lofty tower or campanile which is one of the main features of the design is to be retained, and if so, whether any assurance can be given by independent and competent authorities that the difficulties and dangers arising from Mr. Calcutt's far less lofty and less weighty campanile at the Imperial Institute will not recur in an intensified form. In other words, can the natural tendency of the underlying bed of London clay (upon which the building will rest) to move towards the Thames be arrested by artificial means? If not, considering the weight of the tower in proportion to the surrounding



HORTENSIA.—BY A. SEIFERT.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographische Company.

in oracular obscurity. As for the exhibition itself, even if without any work of very special excellence or novelty, it bears witness to a much higher standard of work than usual. Mr. Frank Short's completion of the "Liber Studiorum," although known to many, will be welcomed by all who appreciate the special beauties of Turner's style. Mr. Frank Short has learnt the master's method, and he has individuality enough to make his own interpretation felt. The increasing popularity of mezzotint engraving will receive further support from the results here shown; and even aquatint—a method for some time little adopted by engravers—is proved to have resources which render it specially applicable to certain landscape work. The President of the Society, Sir Seymour Haden, has long since proved his quality in working upon the pictures of Turner and others, but he now shows in his own original work—notably, "Grayling-Fishing" and

buildings, the former will in the course of time drag the latter out of their foundations, or else wreck the walls. It may be hoped, also, that whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer is so lavishly disposed towards London and its present architects, he will not altogether forget those of the past. The Foreign Office and the buildings connected with it, the India Office, Colonial Office, etc., were erected by Sir Gilbert Scott, controlled, it is true, by Lord Palmerston, upon a plan which was never fully carried out; and it was the late Mr. Ayrton, if we mistake not, who, when Chief Commissioner of Works, refused to allow the design—which included four corner towers—to be completed. At a later date, Mr. Leonard Courtney made an appeal for justice to be done to Sir Gilbert Scott's plan; but that was in our unregenerate days, and when we did not spend money on art for art's sake. It would be a good occasion to test public opinion once more on the subject.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

From Photographs by Stearn.





1. A Dog Team on the Way to Dawson City.  
2. Five-Finger Rapids, Lewes River, Head Waters of the Yukon River.

3. The Yukon River in Spring: Ice Flow from the South forcing itself northward into Alaska—Steamer frozen in all Winter.

4. Miners utilising Sleighs and Sails to take their Boats down to Lake Lebarge, Head Waters of the Lewes and Yukon Rivers.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Mr. Travers Lewis, Ottawa.





AT THE DOOR OF THE MOSQUE OF BARKOUK.

SCENES IN CAIRO.

*Drawn by G. Montbard.*



IN THE COPTIC QUARTER.

STREET IN THE COPTIC QUARTER.





QUICKFIRING PRACTICE WITH A SIX-POUNDER HOTCHKISS GUN.

*Painted by Thomas Davidson*







**THIS IS NOT THY HOME.—Chaucer.**

# A BELIEF in a SUPERNATURAL POWER which has given us A LAW to LIVE BY.

Chemistry cannot tell us why some food is wholesome and other food is poisonous. That food is best for us which best nourishes the body into health and strength; and a belief in a Supernatural Power which has given us a law to live by and to which we are responsible for our conduct has alone, of all the influences known to us, succeeded in ennobling and elevating the character of man.—*Froude.*

**From Dawn till Sunset!! Use is Life, and he most truly Lives who uses Best.**

*Socrates taught that this life could NOT end all.*



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

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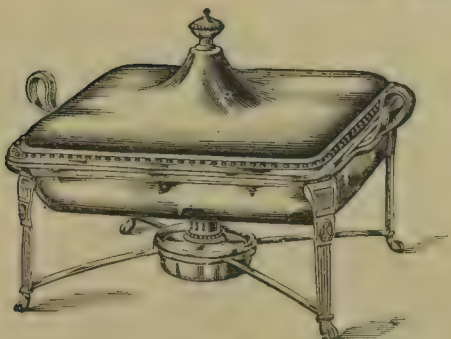
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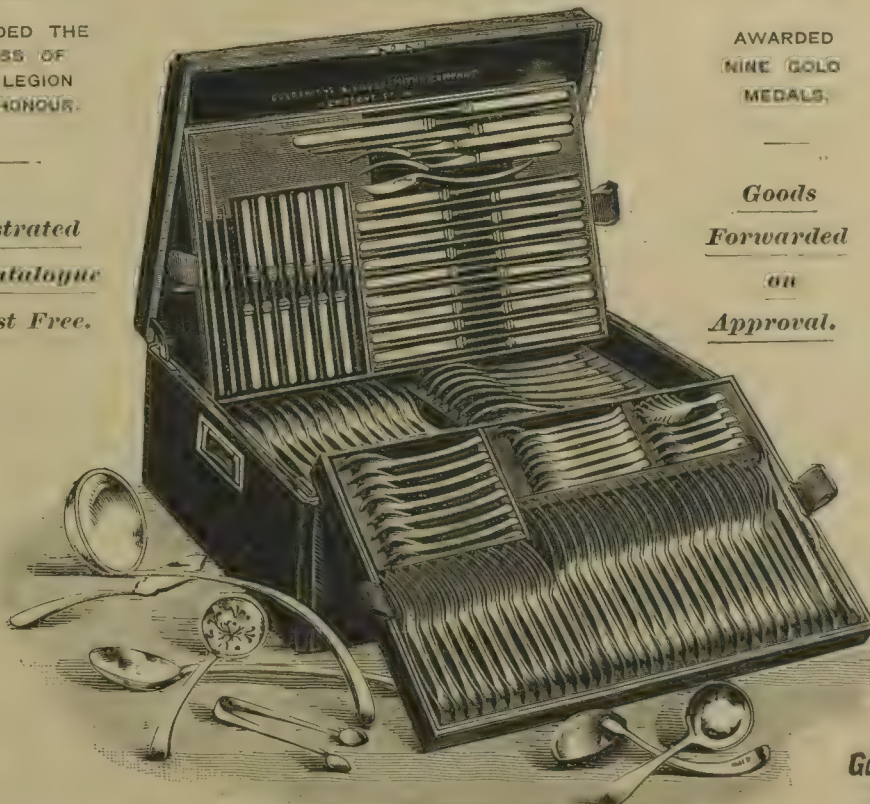
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## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

Although the last week of gentler days has had a decidedly cheering effect on the shop-windows, which have blossomed forth into brilliant blouses and gay silk petticoats and whole banks of the flowers that bloom in the spring, still the streets and the Park do not reflect the apex and acme of fashion to an unwonted degree by any means. People are



A GRACEFUL CLOTH PRINCESSE GOWN.

waiting until the sun assumes the courage of his convictions, and shines out in good earnest, which really ought to be soon, by the way. Then there will be a simultaneous disappearance of fur and velvet and putting on of new finery, for everybody rejoices in casting their winter chrysalis at the first excuse of fine weather. Fashions are declaring themselves daily, moreover, and fine frocks are being ordered, which will figure forth with great effect when we shall have caught and tamed fine weather at last.

Meanwhile tailor-made gowns of a more elaborate order than even last season's mode are principally in evidence, and while preserving a shapely severity of outline, are otherwise very discursive in frills, furbelows, and embroideries. As mid-season and generally useful knockabout outfits, tailor-gowns are too well established to need much special pleading, but one or two styles of extreme elegance which have been invented by the leading house for this style of dress may be advantageously quoted here. A charming ruby-red cloth had, for example, a short-basqued high-collared jacket, which opened over a very full and fussy white satin front, formed chiefly of lace-edged and embroidered satin frills. Below pointed "République" revers, the little coat was arranged to fasten across the front if desired, showing tiny points of the white satin front below. Another dress, useful, smart, and, I may add, sporting, being admirably adapted for spring race-meeting or such other festive function, was of very fine black cloth, a beautifully cut skirt keeping company with the shortest and most chic of straight loose-fronted coats fastened across with two large steel and pearl-mounted buttons. A deep circular collar of white satin with appliqué of pink cloth orchids embroidered *à merveille* was necessarily the crux of this costume. Round the neck a lace jabot; on the head a toque of gathered black tulle with nodding bunch of plumes to match, and a cache-peigne of pink velvet carnations. A third gown of definitely ornamental intention, but obvious utility too, can be made in a stone-coloured cloth of light texture, the newest mode of skirt well in evidence, which is cut as closely as possible round hips with a contrasting fullness below knees. Treated to a bold design of stone-coloured mohair braid on both skirt and bodice, a last and excellent effect is given by the fully gathered lace-trimmed vest of pale green crêpe-de-Chine.

Among new materials—and their name and quality is more than ever legion—Egerton Burnett's box of patterns contains a whole series of inexpensive and pleasing surprises in stuffs. They have brought out a new woollen poplin, double width, and under four shillings a yard, which in shades of blue and scarlet looks amazingly nice—pale-coloured satin-striped gauzes, to be worn over silk under-dresses, are here in great variety and most unassuming prices. A very smart woollen checked cloth called the "Collingwood" will recommend itself at once as the "only form" for a useful spring frock, being of unobtrusive pattern and excellent colouring. Several novel designs in the white mohair of our enduring regard should be seen by those who affect the trim and always

becoming white gown of spring and summer. Tiny silk-striped black and white alpacas, which always look neat and workmanlike, come under the style and title of "Silverdale." There is, besides, a practically endless number of the washing cottons, zephyrs, and other airy fairy washable stuffs, into which we shall put ourselves for cool becomingness later on. To arrive at the many excellences of Egerton Burnett's productions it is only necessary to send to Wellington, in Somerset, whence all these engaging and inexpensive materials hail, most of which are exclusive patterns and not to be obtained elsewhere. This graceful gown illustrated is, for instance, made of an Egerton Burnett cigar-brown cloth. Pale blue gathered chiffon covers revers, which enclose a softly folded vest of écarlaté not appliqué, with white Chantilly over white taffetas. The design on skirt and bodice is carried out in black silk braid and embroidery. The bonnet, of black tulle and miroir velvet, has curled ospreys and pink roses to enliven it. The self-evident charms of this gay little theatre-bodice in the second sketch need no adjectives to emphasise them. Rendered in almost any colouring, this style would command an admiring audience, but with a pale green satin skirt and ruched mousseline sleeves in the same tone, these embroideries, if done in black, pink, and green, should look transcendental, or nearly so. The full front could be of white, and the waistband of black miroir velvet, tightly drawn, need I add. Thus equipped a girl might sit out a première in box or stalls with that peaceful assumption of superiority which is only attainable on the very rarest occasions.

Spring is the season of recurrence both from the poet's and the house-painter's point of view. The young man's fancy is, we are told on incontrovertible authority, perennial—while we know, on our own, that the paint-pot is also. But if the pleasure derived from neighbouring long ladders and aerially poised British workmen dropping benefactions in the form of liquid stone-colour on irresponsible passers-by be indefinite and impersonal, the same cannot be said of us when our own Lares and Penates, having emerged from the transfiguring process of Aspinall's Enamel, stand forth in all the virginal brilliance of his glossy white paint. Never did artist, not to say decorator, exist who did so much in and for his generation surely as Aspinall. The broken-down clothes-horse, the overworked chest of drawers, the disused picture-frame, the bedstead suffering from rickets, every maimed and feeble atom of the domestic altogether, as viewed from his recuperating standpoint, seems worthy not alone of "alterations" but "repairs" as well. Few and far apart indeed are the households, lowly or lofty, that have not taken on some beauty or brilliance under his beneficent administration of two or more "coats." Even ordinary paint finished off with "Aspinall" lasts ten times its usually allotted space; and if every staircase were treated to the special hard-wearing enamel manufactured by this firm we should not be so often regaled with the juxtaposition of handsome costly carpeting lying down perforce with shabby stair-treads of our frequent experience. People naturally have a horror of the British workman's incursions inside as well as out, and stave off the evil day of his visitation as long as possible. But if Aspinall instead of ordinary paints were used, we should let loose our white-bloused *bête noire* far less often on the scene of his costly and upsetting renovations indoors, while as for "plein air" matters, I personally rarely pass a London hall door newly emerged from the fashionable "flattening" of the decorator without thinking how greatly improved that same would be had a final finish of Aspinall been but added to its attractiveness.

SYBIL.

## NOTES.

Yet another effort to found a Rational Dress League! Viscountess Harberton, who has been connected with several previous similar attempts, took the chair at the inaugural meeting at St. Martin's Town Hall on March 15. The object, as stated in the first resolution passed, is "to encourage reform in the dress of both sexes, but more particularly to promote the wearing by women of some form of bifurcated garment, especially for active recreations and business purposes." The League proposes at least one practical proceeding, for it intends to prosecute men and boys who publicly jeer at the wearers of "rationals." Yet no "cause" was ever won without its martyrs, and surely a rude remark from a small boy is a mild form of that inevitable penalty.

Lady Harberton, in her speech, said she "wondered at the stupidity of mankind" who took other views of this question than common-sense. Of course, we all know that common-sense would favour a dual garment; we know, too, that in those Eastern climes in which women lead lives far more sheltered and protected than ours, the women all do wear the divided garment; and, further, that in older Europe (as, indeed, in the East and in European state garb to-day and here) men were the wearers of the robes. Yet the difficulty is to overcome the general idea that the one essential difference in the proper costume of the sexes is that the female must be clothed in a skirt and the male only in a dual garment. This idea is cherished beyond possibility of argument by nearly all gentlemen. Men are entirely and absolutely responsible for all the absurdities of women's dress! The attempt in which so many girl cyclists eagerly joined to wear a dual-skirted dress on their machines has been crushed by men. "My father," or "my husband won't let me wear it"—how often has that been sorrowfully and truthfully said! And it must be remembered that it is really and truly "won't let," for where the purse strings are held, as is so generally the case, by father or husband, his power is naturally absolute. If the leave desired by women to wear dual dress was refused for cycling, how can it be hoped for in ordinary pursuits? Nor, indeed, is even the self-supporting woman any more free from masculine dominion over her dress; for in the great majority of cases the employer is a man, and his view must be all powerful with his employee. How many employers would permit a lady clerk or shopwoman to come to business in "rationals"? Now in these points a League can offer no assistance at all to individuals.

Sales or meetings in the great houses of London are sure of being well attended, because many people are curious to view the interiors in so easy a manner. But the annual show of Irish industries really might dispense with this extraordinary attraction. The goods shown at Lansdowne House on St. Patrick's Day were remarkably uncommon and pretty. The Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Countess of Lucan, the Countess of Arran, the Countess of Beatrix, and other ladies of rank and position, who held the stalls, would have succeeded as saleswomen anywhere by the intrinsic charms of the beautiful embroideries on muslin and cotton, the really fine sequined net and silk both in strips and in whole skirt pieces, the drawn linen work, the baskets, the stockings, the solid tweeds (of which her Majesty bought more than one dress-piece), the useful handkerchiefs, the flannel cloaks, at once warm and pretty, for driving or country walks, the carved wood frames, trays, book-slides, and all the rest of the very charming show. It is no wonder that last year's sale brought in over eighteen hundred pounds profit, and that this year is already certain to have eclipsed even that noble amount.

Two societies for promoting the return of women as guardians of the poor have just held their annual meetings, and the value and duty of such effort was urged, in the one case under the presidency of Lady Frederick Cavendish, and in the other under that of Sir Josiah Finch. Miss Louisa Twining, a pioneer in this work, has contributed to Messrs. Methuen's "Social Science Series" a useful little book showing by the record of her own experience the sort of detail that needs the attention of women in the administration of workhouses.

For practical housewifely girls—that is to say, girls who are willing to do domestic servants' work for their living, provided only they can do it with the title of mistress of the house and wife, there is a new opening in Rhodesia. Up to now the Chartered Company has sternly discouraged marriage amongst its employés. Mr. Cecil Rhodes himself is not only a bachelor but a misogynist, having no women in his service or about his premises, and avoiding their company as far as possible. By this fact the anti-matrimonial views of the Company were sometimes accounted for; but, it appears, unjustly so. Circumstances alter cases, and as the railway now constructed is expected at one time to make living cheaper and the country less liable to disturbance from the natives, the paternal government of the Chartered Company has decided that it is time for its servants to marry. It has issued an edict that all who can do so should at once enter into the holy estate; and encourages them to do so by promising that promotion shall in future be given by preference to married men.

General emigration to the Cape, however, is still discouraged. We are informed by our own Government Emigration Bureau that there is little opening for women. Governesses are not in much demand; and in South Africa, unlike most other colonies, even domestic servants are at



A CHARMING THEATRE-BODICE.

a discount, because the Kaffir boys fill their place. How, then, are the girls who would gladly go out to meet the young men of Rhodesia and carry into effect the company's fatherly suggestions to manage matters? Surely a matrimonial bureau is in place this time! The Moravian Missionary societies used to act as such in older days, when the voyage back even from India was almost impossibly long and expensive. Small consignments of suitable ladies were sent out expressly to marry the missionaries—perfect strangers—in confidence in the leading of Providence to the right partner.

F. F.-M.





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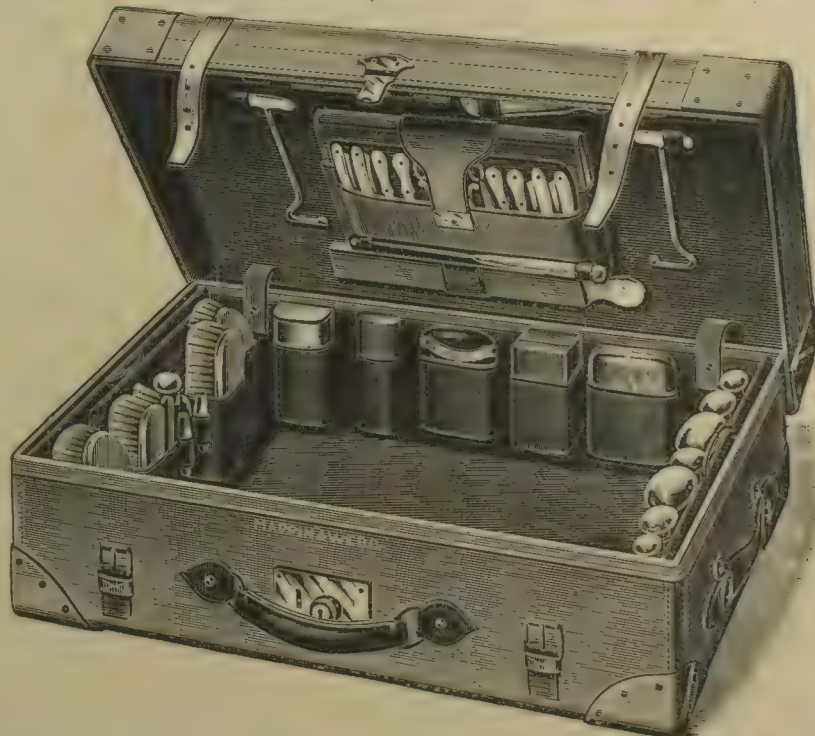
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1896), with a codicil (dated March 25, 1897), of Mr. Charles Wheeley Lea, of Parkfield, Hallow, Worcester, who died on Jan. 13, was proved at the Worcester District Registry, on March 11, by Mrs. Amy Mary Lea, the widow, Edward Wells, the cousin, Thomas Southall, and William Price Hughes, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £1,099,823 8s. 3d., and the net personal estate £1,070,138 13s. 9d. The testator gives "Parkfield," with the furniture and contents, £50,000 and all other his hereditaments, lands, and houses to his wife; the service of plate belonging to his father and £100,000 to his nephew, John Wheeley Lea; £100,000 to his niece, Amy Mary Lea; £5000 each to Ellen Tracy Lea, the widow of his brother Edward, and Florence Lea, the widow of his nephew William Henry Lea; and many legacies and annuities to his relatives and servants. He also bequeaths £10,000 to the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum; £10,000 to the Infirmary; £2000 to the Dispensary; £1000 to the Ophthalmic Institution; and £5000 to the Victoria Institute, all of Worcester. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife. The deceased was not, as has been reported, a member of the firm of Lea and Perrins, Worcester, and we believe no one of that name has had any connection with such firm for some years.

The will (dated July 19, 1892) of Mr. Samuel Seal, of 19, Craven Hill, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 16 at Brighton, was proved on March 11 by Mrs. Ann Seal, the widow, Horace Samuel Seal, the son, Matthew Vaughan, junior, the nephew, and Charles Frederick Murray, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £176,142. The testator bequeaths £5000, his household furniture and effects, the use of 19, Craven Hill, and the income of

£100,000 to his wife; and £300 each to Matthew Vaughan, junior, and Charles Frederick Murray. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his son Horace, during the life of Mrs. Seal. At her decease he gives £75,000 to his son, £2000 each to Matthew Vaughan, junior, and John Vaughan; £1000 each to Frederick, Herbert, Edward, Percy, and Eliza Vaughan; £1000 each to Ellen, Elizabeth, and Robert Young; £2000 to Washington Ray; £1000 each to Charles, Robert Pugh, George, and Edith Ray; £1000 each to Briscoe Ray, junior, and Florence Mac-Sweeney; £500 to Sydney Peter Ray; £1000 each to Lawrence, Herbert, Albert, Arthur, Ella, and Emmeline Sieveking; £2000 each to Frederick Sieveking and Amelia Starling; £2000 to Louisa Thorn; £1000 to Emily Tomlin; £1000 each to Harold Richard, and Ellen Ray; £1000 to Mrs. Swinburn; £500 to Mrs. Welman; £1000 to Mrs. Eveline Ray, and a few other legacies. The ultimate residue he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1894), with a codicil (dated Jan. 31, 1896), of Mr. Thomas Barlow, J.P., of Torkington Lodge, Chester, Major Street, Manchester, and Bryn Eirias, Colwyn Bay, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on March 14 by Mrs. Mary Ann Barlow, the widow, John Emmott Barlow, the son, William Henry Welsh, and William Harry Brooks, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £124,583. The testator bequeaths to his wife the use of his household furniture and effects, and he directs his executors to pay to her such a sum yearly, as with that received from certain property and settlements will make up £5000 per annum; £500 each to William Henry Welsh and William Harry Brooks; and his business, with the capital and effects used therein, but not

warehouses, to his sons John and Frank, but charged with the payment of two sums of £20,000 and £15,000 to his son Percy, if he shall not elect to enter such business partnership. He devises the Manor of Bradwall and the Bradwall Hall estates, together with the mansion-house erected thereon, to his son John, subject to the payment by him of £50,000 to be held upon trust for his son Lionel; the land and warehouses in Dickinson Street and Portland Street, Manchester, to his son John, but charged with the payment of £25,000 to his son Percy; his estate in British India to his son Frank; his warehouse in Minshall Street to his son John; and other land and warehouses in Minshall Street and Major Street to his son John, subject to the payment of £12,000, on the death or remarriage of Mrs. Barlow, to his son Frank. Subject to a few small bequests to his partner and people in his employ, he leaves the residue of his property to his sons John and Percy.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1897) of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Marshman Havelock-Allan, Bart., V.C., K.C.B., M.P., of Blackwell Grange, Durham, who was killed in the Khyber Pass on Dec. 30, was proved on March 15 by Captain Ettrick William Creak, R.N., and Allan Havelock, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £11,806 gross and the net nil. Subject to legacies to executors, the testator leaves all his property to his wife, Lady Alice Havelock-Allan, but the Bible belonging to his father and mother, and used by them for sixty years, the sword worn by him at Tel-el-Kebir, and the sword of honour presented to his father, are to devolve as heirlooms and follow the trusts of the Blackwell Grange property. The will goes on to state: "I direct the whole of the papers relating to my father's life during sixty years, and deposited at Coutts", and the whole of my military library,

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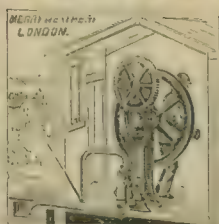
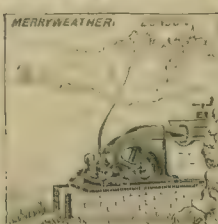
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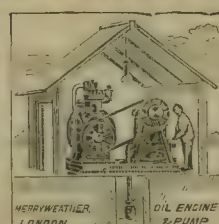
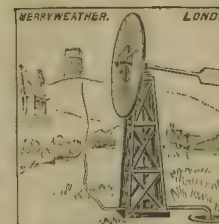
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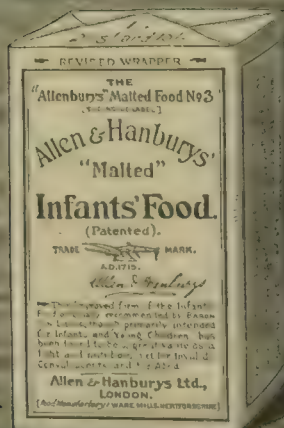
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note-books, journals of military tours in foreign countries, and the correspondence relating to my services in the 10th Foot between 1852 and the end of the Indian Mutiny, and to my other campaigns in Persia and New Zealand, and those in which I was a spectator in the Franco-Prussian War and the American Fenian raids into Canada in 1866-67, and the whole of the correspondence connected with my presence with the Russian army during the Russo-Turkish War in 1877-78 and the Egyptian Campaign 1881, are not to be sold, but kept together for the purpose of future biography of my father and myself, to be published in such manner as my friend Major-General John Macleod Innes, V.C., may think fit, and ever after to remain as heirlooms at Blackwell Grange. I bequeath £100 to Major-General Innes, in consideration of his writing my biography and specially placing before the public an exact account of the events connected with my forcible and wholly unjustifiable seizure on Oct. 2, 1881, in pursuance of the dastardly and disgraceful intrigue by which I was removed from the active list of the British Army, without any judicial inquiry and any reason whatever. I die at peace and amity with all men, and I forgive those who, animated by the basest personal motives, deprived me by a proceeding illegal, wholly without a shadow of justification, and without a vestige of foundation forced me out of the active pursuit of my profession while in the utmost vigour of intellect, body and mind, thus robbing me of the only prize I ever coveted—the opportunity of serving my country usefully in the field in some great national

emergency, and also, by forcing me to take to politics in the most expensive constituency in England, have deprived my wife and children of all that I had hoped to save for them as the fruits of thirty-six years' incessant labour in peace and in war, left them practically without a shilling. The truth will be known shortly hereafter, and the persons who wronged me will be overwhelmed with shame and remorse."

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1897) of Mr. Henry Sheehy Keating, of 22, Princes Gate, South Kensington, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on March 8 by Colonel the Hon. George Hugh Gough, William Meath Baker, Henry Jago, and Guy Bernard Campbell Ward, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £86,046. The testator gives £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Cynthia Gertrude Keating; £1000 each to Mary Penelope Jervoise and Sophia Fanny Ward; £500 each to his cousins Susan Harriet Macleod, Amy Macleod, and Agnes Keating; so much of a loan of £10,000 and interest as shall be due at the time of his death to Mrs. Anne Sophia Ward, an annuity to his housekeeper, and specific gifts of jewellery and furniture to his son and daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Henry Sheehy Keating, on attaining the age of twenty-one.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1896), with a codicil (dated Feb. 23, 1897), of Mr. James Henry Selater, J.P., D.L., of Newick Park, Sussex, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on March 8 by the Rev. Francis Sanderson Selater, the son,

and Walter Feilde Ingram, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £65,331. The testator devises Newick Park and all other lands, hereditaments, and premises to the use of his eldest son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male; and certain plate, pictures, and jewels are to go as heirlooms and follow the like trusts. He gives £100 each to his executors, and subject thereto leaves all his personal property to such person as shall succeed to the settled estates. By his codicil he states that he has made provisions of £8000 each for his younger children.

The will (dated July 22, 1897) of the Rev. George Casson, of Oldecourt, Torquay, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on March 1 by Mrs. Frances Hutton Long Casson, the widow, and Arthur Carroll Bazeley Casson, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £46,168. The testator devises and gives Oldecourt, with the adjoining premises, called Summer Hill, £300, his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and an annuity of £250 to his wife, these benefits to be in addition to those she will receive under her marriage settlement; £3000 to his son Arthur Carroll Bazeley Casson; £2000, upon trust, for his son Herbert Alexander Casson; and £2000 each to his other sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1896) of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lloyd Evans, of 69, Onslow Square, South

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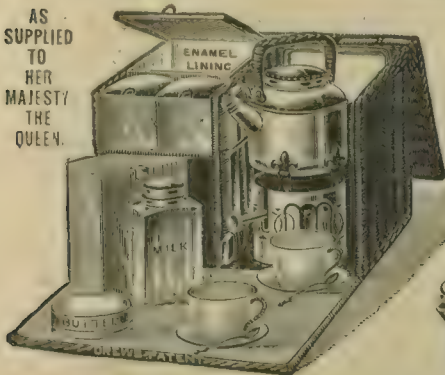
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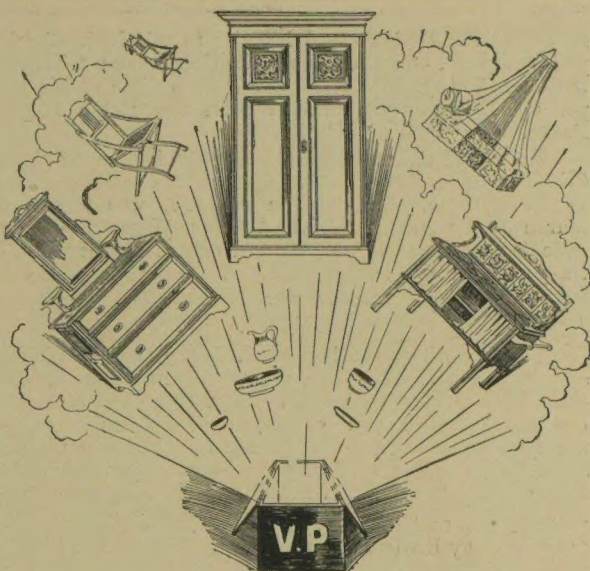
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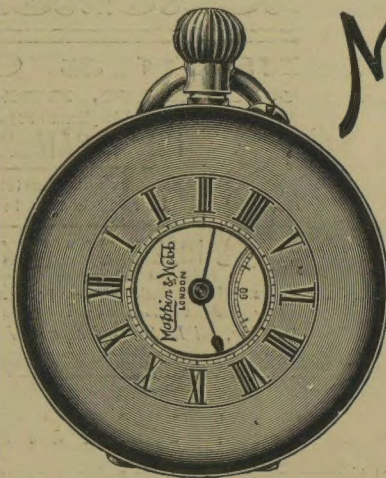
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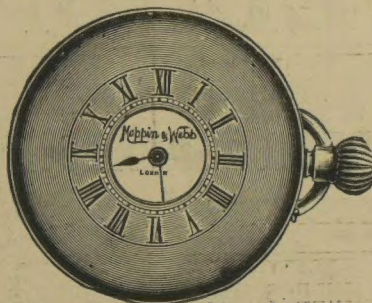
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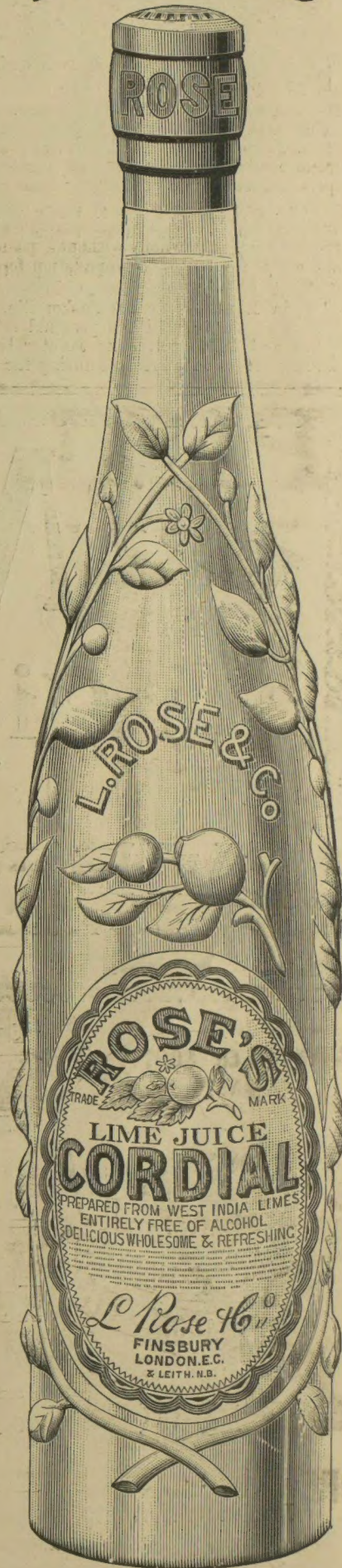
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Kensington, who died on Jan. 28, was proved on March 15 by Major James Llewellyn Evans, the brother, and Marten Llewellyn Evans, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £25,503. The testator gives his house, with the furniture, plate, pictures, swords, and medals therein to his wife, Mrs. Lydia Harriet Evans; £100 each to his executors; £100 to his goddaughter Winifred Evans; £1000 to his goddaughter Ivy Eleanora Gambier, and a few other small legacies. The residue of his property is to be divided into forty-two parts, of which he leaves twenty-seven to his wife, five to his niece Elinor Caroline Evans, four to his nephew Marten Llewellyn Evans, and three parts each to his nieces Mrs. Caroline Hogg and Eva Llewellyn Evans.

The will and codicil of Major-General Andrew Alcorn Munro, J.P., of Woodside, Frant, Sussex, who died on Feb. 2, were proved on March 12 by Mrs. Janet Victoria Munro, the widow and universal legatee, the value of the personal estate being £9742 gross and £1146 net.

The will (dated June 4, 1897), with a codicil (dated June 5, 1897), of Mr. Walter Thomas Mynors Baskerville, D.L., J.P., of Clyro Court, Hay, Breconshire, who died on Aug. 29 last, was proved on March 15 by Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Witherstone Mynors Baskerville and Captain Reginald Mynors Baskerville, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,824 gross and £5673 net. The testator bequeaths £100 per annum between his brothers during the time they shall act

as trustees, and a few small legacies to relatives. All his pictures, plate, etc., are to go as heirlooms, and follow the trusts of the Clyro Court estate. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son Ralph Hopton Baskerville, on his coming of age.

The will of General Henry Augustus Adams, of Sunny Cliff, Salcombe, Devon, and formerly of 9, Langham Street, Portland Place, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 15 by Maxwell Richard Peers Adams and James Bate de Lisle Adams, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £2491.

## MUSIC.

On Tuesday afternoon last week Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, anticipating St. Patrick's Day, gave a recital at the Queen's (small) Hall of Irish songs, in which he proved himself to be a thorough proficient. For our own part, we cannot confess to any extreme enthusiasm for the splendours of national song, be the nation what it may. Germany, perhaps, has more than any country a catholic spirit noticeable in its folk-song, but even the German variety suffers from monotony when you hear it in large doses, and the monotony of Scotch and Irish folk-song is twenty times more oppressive. Modern mimics, however, of Irish music are almost unpardonable, and the kind of humour of which they are supposed to be the outcome is equally deplorable. At the same time, let it be said that Mr. O'Sullivan probably stands unique among the interpreters of Irish song.

He at all events understands the spirit of the thing, and renders it with rare sincerity.

On the evening of Tuesday M. Lamoureux gave the finest concert he has yet been responsible for in England at the Queen's Hall, with Mr. Newman's orchestra that has done such brilliant work in the past under Mr. Henry Wood. M. Lamoureux opened his concert with a noble performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, one of the most difficult things in the world to play with effect. Beginning well, he went on from good to better until he fairly roused the house to enthusiasm by his wonderful interpretation of the finale. Mdlle. Pacary, who made an excellent impression last year at Covent Garden, sang the wonderful lament of Brünnhilde with which "Die Götterdämmerung" ends with immense spirit and distinction, while in the accompaniment the combination of delicacy and precision with fire and enthusiasm was an orchestral achievement on the part of band and conductor which deserves the highest words of praise. Mdlle. Pacary's rendering of Wagner's "Träume" was also a distinguished piece of work. Miss Leonora Jackson, the young violinist whose executive skill and grace of execution have made something like a sensation over here, chose to play the solo part in a Concerto by Wienawski, a brilliant but vapid piece of music. One wants to hear Miss Jackson in something worthier, in Beethoven's Violin Concerto for example.

On Wednesday evening, at the Albert Hall, Sir Frederick Bridge, commanding the forces of the Royal

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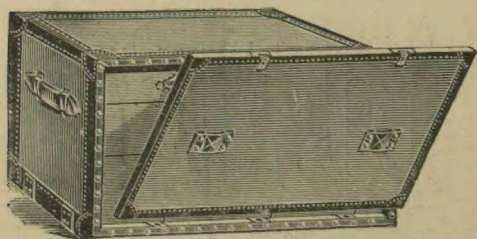
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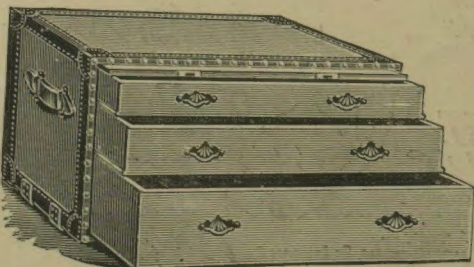
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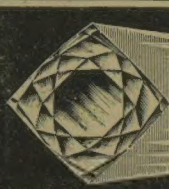
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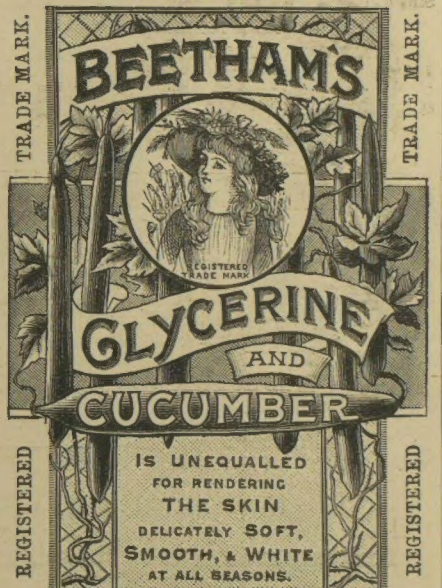
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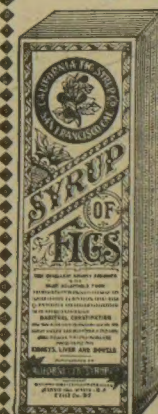
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Choral Society, produced Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" and Signor Franco Leoni's new work, "The Gate of Life." The Beethoven, which after many vicissitudes and changes of libretto has now settled down soberly as a cantata, was not particularly well performed, although no doubt if the work is taken into the permanent list of the Choral Society, practice will make a great deal of difference, and it is a composition which should assuredly not be allowed to suffer perpetual neglect. Miss Palliser and Mr. Andrew Black were the soloists. Signor Leoni's "The Gate of Life," on the other hand, proved to be a great disappointment. The music is tuneful—that is the exact word for it—but music cannot live by tunefulness alone, and the general effect of the work was one of extreme triviality.

Irish concerts were, of course, the order of the day on Thursday, and Mr. William Carter's customary annual

banquet of Irish music was served up to an ardent audience at the Albert Hall in the evening. Excellent artists, for the most part, were engaged, though it is true that all were not on an equality of merit. The band of the Scots Guards, under Mr. Henry Dunkerton, was engaged for the occasion.

On Saturday last the present series of Symphony Concerts came to an end at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood. The sooner another series is started the better we shall be pleased, for by universal consent Mr. Wood's band has progressed so wonderfully that it would be faint praise to say that it has now no rival among English orchestras. It is worthy of a European reputation, and in its achievement has far outdistanced, for example, anything that the Philharmonic Orchestra can do, though this is the only English band that in the past has been

regarded with general respect upon the Continent. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Queen's Hall Orchestra has offered Mr. Newman a benefit on April 30, when a grand Wagner programme will be given.

On Saturday there was a very attractive concert at the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns. Haydn's Ninth Symphony was charmingly played, and Mr. Frederic Lamond took the pianoforte part in a fine performance of Beethoven's Concerto for piano and orchestra, No. 5. A novelty in the shape of a Symphonic Prelude by Mr. H. Bedford was given, but we shall require to wait until Mr. Bedford has found his own musical wings before we can discuss his work seriously. At present he is balancing himself rather ingeniously on Wagner's wings, which, however, weigh him to the ground so decisively as to make him appear even a little comic.



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